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BY

HAROLD BEGBIE

D

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.
Toronto

ALBERT
FOURTH EARL GREY

A Last Word

John S. Sargent 1910

EARL GREY.

ALBERT
FOURTH EARL GREY
A Last Word

BY

HAROLD BEGBIE

No more beautiful or loveable character has adorned our generation.
LORD BRYCE

He had a record of public service of which any man might be proud. But it is entirely dwarfed by his personality.
LORD MILNER

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO
MCMXVII
1917

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There are some rare occasions scattered about in history where, as if by a common impulse, humanity has paused at its work, and, leaning upon its spade, has looked round bewildered by a sudden hopefulness; aware dimly that something fortunate has happened, that a new man has appeared in the world, and that he is a friend.

F. S. Oliver, *Alexander Hamilton.*

TO

HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN

WITH THANKFULNESS FOR THEIR KINDLY AID
AND SORROW THAT THIS ESSAY IS NOT MORE
WORTHY OF ITS INSPIRING ORIGIN

Preface — *By his Son*

THE following pages require a few words of explanation, and I feel that I cannot do better than quote from the letter which my Father sent to Mr. Harold Begbie just a week after the operation which revealed the fatal character of his illness. The letter runs as follows :

"DEAR MR. BEGBIE—It is a long ti: now since we met at Quebec, and you will, I know, be sorry to hear that an operation I have just undergone has warned me that it is necessary that I should lose no time in setting my house in order.

"My admiration for such of your writings as I have read, and for the sympathy with which you approach the consideration of public questions,

prompts me to ask you, if the request be an agreeable one to you, to help me in putting forward a presentation of the political views with which I started life over thirty years ago. . . ."

He said: "I have never been a party politician, the reconstruction of national life being my ideal."

The essay which follows is the result, and I should like here to testify my gratitude to Mr. Begbie for the wonderful accuracy with which he has reproduced the few conversations he was able to have, and for the quickness of his insight.

Naturally, in a message of this character, much must be left untouched that at one time or another filled the forefront of the stage. Outlines only of some of the main features can be filled in. It is a sketch, not a picture. The latter, I hope, may follow later.

My Father's most outstanding quality was the generosity with which he spent himself, and the unfailing quickness with which he responded to any call for sympathy. Many a man, and woman, has been keyed up to greater heights of achievement by his generous appreciation of their ideas.

Let me quote a typical instance. I walked over to his house in the country one morning last June and found him talking to his estate agent. I asked the latter on leaving what particular business had brought him over. "None," he said, "I was just feeling depressed and low, so I came over to be made two inches taller." That exactly expresses my father's effect on his friends. His enthusiasm made difficulties vanish from their minds. So often we are content to leave beautiful ideas in the realms of dreamland. Not so with him. No project was dismissed as impracticable if it responded to the test which, first learned from Mazzini, came to be his "Rule of Life."

"Ask yourselves, as to every act you commit, within the circle of family or country: If what I now do were done by and for all men, would it be beneficial or injurious to Humanity? and if your conscience tell you it would be injurious, desist: desist, even though it seem that an immediate advantage to your country or family would be the result."

Once a project had successfully passed this test and established its claim on his sympathy, the latter was given in full measure, pressed down

and running over. He could not be a Laodicean. Lukewarmness was not only foreign but repellent to his nature. And next to Laodiceans the type of man he found most uncongenial to work with was the man who was always dwelling on the difficulties to be overcome. His own gaze was always on the prize. The whole of Mazzini's essay on the "Duties of Man," from which the Rule of Life is taken, was read and re-read by him. It was the fountain-head of his inspirations, and to the end of his life it retained its influence over his mind and actions.

There is one further characteristic which should be mentioned here. He always looked for the good in everybody and appraised them by their best. No one was too insignificant to be probed, and I can call to mind few cases in which even the most astonishingly intimate questions, asked very often after five minutes' acquaintanceship, brought a rebuff. And he was loyal to the 5 per cent of good that he found in any one. In vain his friends sometimes tried to persuade him that he was associating with a "wrong 'un." Perhaps the so-called "wrong 'un" was so to others; but whilst in contact with my Father that 5 per cent frequently became the dominant factor. Nor would

he have changed his method, could he have started life again with all his experience to guide him.

To these foundations was added an immense vitality. The elasticity of his mind and his capacity for enjoyment never seemed to have lost their youthful vigour, and until the final stages of his last illness he retained the power of being thrilled by a passing sensation, whether it was an Eton and Harrow match—a classic horse-race—a poem in the papers—the sight of a beautiful woman—the utterance of a beautiful thought—a Haselden picture in the *Daily Mirror* —or any fight well fought against odds. Like Sir Walter Raleigh he would without hesitation have laid his coat in the mud to save his Sovereign's shoes; but he would have done the same just as readily for the sake of the shabbiest old beggar.

But I am being drawn beyond my limits. All I set out to do was to explain the genesis of the message, and to plead that it should receive, in this time of crisis, from all who believe in the future of the Anglo-Saxon race, that earnest consideration and attention that seem to us his due as much as they were his hope. I have

tried to indicate the master-keys to his character. Analysed in this light who will say that his failures were not brighter than the successes of many other men? He lit so many fires in cold rooms.

GREY.

I

PAGE

PERSONALITY 15

II

A PEOPLE'S HOUSE 61

III

A PEOPLE'S CHURCH 83

IV

IMPERIAL UNITY 109

V

A NOTE BY MR. F. S. OLIVER 147

Contents

VI

PAGE

SOCIAL COMRADESHIP 153

VII

THE MANNER OF THE MESSAGE 175

I
Personality

A man is a just and fruitful object of contemplation much more by virtue of what spirit he is of than by virtue of what system of doctrine he elaborates.—MATTHEW ARNOLD (*Letters*).

BEFORE proceeding to deliver the message to his fellow-citizens which Lord Grey entrusted me with in the last days of his life, being himself in too great physical weakness to shape it in either spoken or written words, I propose, for the reader's more friendly sympathy with these political opinions, to attempt some brief description of his personality. It will lighten my task if I can convey with the political enthusiasms of a man who cherished them up to the shadow and night of death, at least something of that same magic of the human spirit which would have been there had he lived to express them face to face with his friends and neighbours.

It is not my province to explore the intimate territory of Lord Grey's personal life into which, no doubt, his biographer will presently enter; but for the reason I have just given I propose at

least to glance over the fence of biography and to chronicle such matters seen in those glances as will help the reader to entertain the ideas of Lord Grey with some knowledge of the style of man who raises himself on his pillow to say these last words of good cheer.

Perhaps no public man with so wide and catholic a circle of friends, many of whom were passionately devoted to him, and some of whom are ready to aver that he was incomparably the finest soul of their experience, a veritable prince of men, was ever less known to the populace. Somehow or another, in spite of his great activity, this remarkable personality, which created friends for him wherever he went, failed to make its total effect on the world. He was never a national hero, never even a popular public figure. There must have been a vast majority of Englishmen who, reading of his death in the newspapers, fell into the same error as the Germans, thinking that his cousin, Edward Grey, had been called to his fathers. And yet, as I have said, for many of the enormous numbers who did know him, even among those who met him but two or three times, he was a man whose character and spirit produced a most memorable, and often a unique, impression.

Personality

There are some words in Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*, whom he styled "this most friendly, bright, and beautiful human soul," which seem as if they had been written expressly of Albert Grey. We read there of "the brilliant, beautiful, and cheerful John Sterling, with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went." And in another place: "A brilliant *improvisatore*; rapid in thought, in word, and in act; everywhere the promptest and least hesitating of men. I likened him often, in my banterings, to sheet-lightning; and reproachfully prayed that he would concentrate himself into a bolt, and rive the mountain-barriers for us, instead of merely playing on them and irradiating them"—all of which those who knew him best would surely agree might have been written of Albert Grey, born, as it happens, during th[illegible] in which these words were written of the dead Sterling.

Albert Grey, with all his brilliance and beauty and longing of spirit, which drew about him a

host of people ready to make great sacrifices for him, remained to the last rather an illumination and inspiration for others than a leader of men or a creator of new worlds. Whether this is a criticism or a eulogy it is not easy to determine, since it may be said of him with truth that he was so prolific a genius of ideas, fancies, and imaginations that he could not narrow his sympathies and bridle his inspiration to the needs of what we call practical politics. The eagle is not to be blamed for lack of farm-yard complaisance. But, on the whole, seeing that he most sincerely desired to leave the world far better than he found it, and worked really hard in this direction, one may admit that the remark has the force of a criticism. He never became a notable leader of men, never in any degree swayed even a fraction of the multitude. I am disposed to think that by the light of this criticism we may best see our way into the recesses of his character.

He was not quite serious enough for an age in which democracy had begun to think seriously indeed. He had in him a partial seriousness, a fine and a high seriousness, but by no means a seriousness which commanded his whole soul. There was a gaiety in his mind, a happiness in

his heart, and a continual outbreak of laughter in his spirit, which, while they made him the most lovable and delightful of men, prevented his feet from following that bitter road of utmost self-sacrifice which alone leads to authentic dominion over men's minds. And this same quality of cheerful happiness led him also away from the field of political faction, where leadership is only obtained and practical work is only effected either by the hardest labour or by certain adjustments of the conscience which natures such as this are not perhaps quite supple enough to make.

But this gaiety of Lord Grey had its rise in a pure graciousness of spirit. Like Joubert, he felt that we must make a pleasure of life "as of all other duties," acquitting ourselves gaily and with the best possible grace, till the word comes to us: *That will do.*

George Russell of Ireland ("Æ") took, I am persuaded, the rightful impression of the man in a few contacts, writing to me, when I told him that Lord Grey lay dying with unselfish thoughts of the world he would still serve by a final message of goodwill: "I can imagine him waving a gay 'good-night' to the world because he will not be thinking of himself at all, but of causes which

are good and friends who are carrying on a good fight."

This is true. His gaiety, his happiness, his radiance of spirit, which hindered seriousness, were a veritable part of his spiritual life. Like Sterling, "a richer soul, in the way of natural outfit for felicity, for joyful activity in this world . . . was nowhere to be met with." He was a happy man because his heart was crystal clear of selfishness. He was so unselfish that he was happy, and he was so happy that it was out of nature he should concentrate himself into a thunderbolt. Instead of going up and down the world seeking whom he might destroy, wherever he went he diffused blessing and kindled enthusiasm. "No man," Sir Starr Jameson tells me, speaking of Grey's activities, "ever had more babies than Albert Grey, but he was always leaving them on the doorsteps of his friends—he simply hadn't the time to bring them all up himself." He tells me that Cecil Rhodes, who had but few political babies and did bring them up himself, would banter Grey on this enormous intellectual progeny, languishing for the most part on the doorsteps of his acquaintance, and that Grey would assure him very heartily how

those ideas of his, fathered by an increasing host of humanity, would certainly grow up to storm the forts of folly. "We loved the man so much," says Jameson, "that we very often supported some of his more decorative ideas in which we had no faith at all, rather than damp his ardour or hurt his feelings."

All these ideas of his, it must be known, were entirely unselfish. He dreamed, so far as I can discover, no single dream that was not for the good of humanity. His babies were all born to lead us into the Promised Land. He was not consumed with a passion to deliver man from his long martyrdom, but he was always thinking, with a kind of Dickensian warmth of feeling, what he could do to make things more comfortable and reasonable all round. He was far more a lover of mankind than a reformer of society. George Russell realised how in his gay good-night to the world he would be wishing to cheer his friends still fighting the good fight, rather than sorrowing over himself; for, says he, "he was constantly thinking of others." And then he says:

I have not met him many times, twice or thrice at most, but he was so open-hearted a man that one

felt he was better known after an hour than other more secretive natures are after a year. I have corresponded with him frequently, and every letter he wrote was an obvious act of goodwill, not the sort which comes of a feeling of duty, but because it was natural to him to be kind and affectionate, and it was his happiness to be so.[1] I meet many people while I carry on my work here, and visitors come continually for one reason or another, and I do not think I remember any of my visitors with such affection as I do this most natural, unaffected, and kindly man. He gave me the impression of gaiety and good spirits, which arise not from physical wellbeing but are spiritual and come from self-forgetfulness.

It is important to keep in mind that in spite of his gaiety, his buoyancy, his quite frank love of this interesting and delightful world, the ideas of Albert Grey were ever utterly unselfish, and were ever inspired by one of two serious things, either by his spiritual and almost religious enthusiasm for the British Empire, "whose standard," as he once said, "is righteousness and whose path is duty," or by his generous humanity which could not be content with society as he

[1] It was one of Lord Grey's activities throughout his life to write letters of this nature, often sending books and magazines to his correspondents with an earnest recommendation that they should read certain chapters or articles. He himself was an almost omnivorous reader.

found it. Had he not loved the world so much he might have been, as Cecil Rhodes held, a statesman of considerable mark; but had he not loved the world as he did he would not have been the charming man whose very presence made him "an illumination and inspiration wherever he went."

To answer the question, How came this handsome, high-spirited, and cheerful-hearted man, born in the atmosphere of a Court, the playfellow of princes, and destined from boyhood to inherit a pleasant place in the sun, how came a person so tempted on all sides by circumstance and within by his own glad and rather roving nature, to entertain any serious notions at all?—to answer this question it is necessary to make some brief outline of his early history.

He was born in St. James's Palace on the 28th November 1851. His father, who was Private Secretary to Prince Albert and afterwards to Queen Victoria, was not only an able man of affairs—very necessary in those early days of a young Queen's reign—but a man who, without being particularly religious, set great importance on the moral atmosphere of his home. He was,

moreover, a deeply affectionate man. Lord Grey told me that as a boy he found himself constantly pulled up by the thought whether a particular action would be approved by his father, and that for some time after his father's death this same criterion operated in his mind and very largely determined his conduct. His mother, it would seem, was definitely religious, even to the point of a credal seriousness, and it was her influence alone, purely evangelical, which gave a religious character to the moral earnestness of the home. She appears to have been, particularly in her old age, with a somewhat less rigorous religious creed, a most lovable and entirely unselfish person. Not one of her children, because of their deep admiration for this good mother, ever caused her a moment's disquiet.

As a boy Albert Grey was nervous and self-conscious, to such a point that his father sent him to Harrow rather than Eton in order that he might be a greater distance from the affectionate home in Windsor Castle, and so thrown more upon himself. His father wrote to him from Balmoral just before he went to Harrow in September 1864 :

At Harrow you will meet many more, and older, boys than you have yet done, and amongst such a

number there are sure to be some whose acquaintance is not desirable. Yet I would have you good-natured and civil to all; your own good sense and feeling will easily show you those of whom you can make friends. You will also see and hear much that I could wish you not to see and hear. But I trust implicitly to you never to forget that you are a *gentleman*, and don't be led by the example of others to indulge in vulgar or improper language. Show by your silence on such occasions, or by avoiding, as far as you can, boys who may use such language, that you do not like it. But keep on good terms with all your fellow-scholars.

The letter concludes:

And now, God bless you, my darling boy. So far I have had every occasion to be satisfied and proud of you, and I am sure you love me well enough to endeavour to continue to make me so.

Albert Grey acted in the spirit of this letter, but he did not take his work seriously. His schooldays were undistinguished. He told me that he got into a set which rather despised devotion to grammar-books, and which regarded the clever fellows with some contempt. At the same time he made no particular mark in games, although a very keen cricketer — being tried for the Eleven. He was a player of chess, interested in chess problems, which he would discuss with his father in letters. Harrow seems,

however, to have served its purpose in his life by bringing out his qualities of self-reliance and releasing his high spirits from self-consciousness.

Colonel Alexander Weston Jar , who was his fag at Harrow and whose feeling for Lord Grey ever since those days falls little short of worship, tells me that Grey was a boy "whom all the small boys looked up to *enormously*," and that he was kindness itself to those small boys. "His influence," says Colonel Weston Jarvis, "was all for good, and even in those days one looked upon him as something out of the common." He tells me that Grey "was never in the *first* class at games, but was good at all, and, as you can imagine, enthusiastic."

His father died before he went up to Cambridge, and this event had a decisive influence in rousing the boy's nature to a serious purpose. He sprang, as it were, into his manhood at one bound, becoming all at once conscious of his responsibilities. According to one who knew him intimately during his Cambridge years, there was a danger at that time, not a very great one but still a danger, that Grey might catch the contagion of priggishness. He took himself very seriously. He constituted himself the mentor of his sisters, telling them

what books they should be reading, admonishing them not to waste their time in frivolity, and giving them general advice as to their behaviour in society. At the same time he became one of a group at Trinity which more or less undertook to abjure the world, which was under the influence to some extent of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury, which received from time to time a general epistle from Chinese Gordon, and each member of which pledged himself to take a lifelong interest in the moral and political welfare of some particular portion of the British Empire. Grey, it is interesting to know, was told off to watch over the moral and political welfare of East Africa—perhaps the one part of the King's dominions which he never visited.

It is quite certain that he felt called upon at this time to prepare himself for his place in the world. He worked hard, cultivated intellectual society, and set himself to form good habits. He once told his son that while he was at Cambridge he would get up at sunrise and work hard for four hours before breakfast, not only that he might do well in the schools, but that he might enjoy as much of the rest of the day as possible with his friends. He seems to have made up his

mind that he would work hard, and so hard did he work that, in a very good year, as I am told, he was top in the Law and History Tripos of 1878.

Difficult as it is, the reader must endeavour to see the unity of Grey's character at this period, for this unity is the very essence of the man, and in it is also to be found the true genesis of his ideas. He was at one and the same time a man of the highest moral principles, seriously preparing himself to play a serious part in the world, and he was also a man who loved amusing people, had his moments of utmost high spirits, and felt to their full the delights of animal existence. If he read hard, he would also sit long and expansively over the dinner-table: if he wrote rather solemn letters to his sisters, he would also go skylarking with his friends: if he listened obediently to Lord Shaftesbury and General Gordon, he would also disport himself at Evans's supper-rooms in Covent Garden. He was this to the end. "I always looked upon Uncle Bertie," writes a nephew from France, "as one of my youngest friends." He was one of those rare enthusiasts whom nature spares from the reaction of enthusiasm. He flung himself as cheerfully

into a study of East Africa's moral and political condition as into the genial friendship of Mark Napier, and all the frolic of undergraduate life. He had such stores of enthusiasm as no one existence could expend. He never had to recuperate those stores; never had to wait through a dark hour for high spirits to return; his enthusiasm, like the love of a mother, increased with his family of ideas, that is to say, with objects for his affection.

To some people he must have presented at this time, and even long afterwards, the appearance of a man of fashion to whom life is nothing more than a stage for the playing out of an amusing comedy, such were his high spirits, his delight in the mere act of existence, and the overflowing nature of his response to all beauty and all pleasure. But it is beyond question that moral earnestness of a most sincere if quite unfanatical character underlay this surface appearance of the *bon enfant*. He never in his life, I heartily believe, did a base thing or uttered a shameful word. His contact never made for vice. His gallantry never was entangled with intrigue. He was always on the side of the angels, always a man of honour, always a man of principle, always

clean-minded. I have met no one who knew him from the days of his early manhood who does not bear witness to the essential virtue of Grey's nature. He was ever a far more serious man than his manner suggested to casual acquaintances, and this seriousness, as we shall see, deepened with his knowledge of life although it never darkened the brightness of his spirit. To the end of his days there was the light of humour in his eyes, and playfulness came easily to his lips.

Mr. Mark Napier, whose rooms in Nevile's Court were just over Grey's, and in whose Scottish home Grey spent some of his Cambridge vacations, describes "Bertie Grey" at this period of his life as "the beau-ideal of manly English youth." He proceeds as follows:

> Almost six feet in height, perhaps a little taller, his body was of perfect proportions. Like many active and enduring men, his upper works seemed a little light for his lower limbs. His length from the hip-joint to the knee gave his stride a strong sweep in running or walking. He had a clean, well-turned leg, and feet which firmly supported the frame above. His carriage was erect, his movements graceful, and his head beautifully set upon his shoulders. Rather small, his features were delicately formed and of a high patrician cast. I think he had a slight moustache. His hair was black; his eyes dark,

serious, and dreamy; he had upon his li[illegible] a constant smile which showed a clear conscience, a certain confidence in himself, and a gracious bearing to all the world. His voice was rich and clear, with a constant cheery note, and when he entered the room in a crowded company his presence would be immediately felt, arresting the attention and interest of all.

He says of Grey's clothes that "they were never new and never old, but seemed to lie about him with an easy grace which well became his character and bearing." He describes him as "an accomplished racquet player, as most Harrow men are," and recalls "many a happy game at the Trinity courts, in which my friend exhibited his grace, accuracy, and strength"; adding, "I fancy that Bertie Grey was about the third best player in his time at Trinity."

Mr. Napier is insistent that Grey was "a very clever fellow" and a serious worker, but admits that he loved a good dinner and could "let go" on festive occasions. He tells me the following story:

One night Bertie and I sat up rather late over a particularly fine claret. When we got up to go, we found—well, we could walk as straight as a line, but there was something unusually joyous in our steps—what you might call a noticeable levity of the leg.

We were very happy. Well, coming through a narrow court into a Quad, Bertie says to me, catching me by the arm, "Mark, I'm going to make a speech. I feel I can make a speech, and I'm going to make one, let the heavens fall." With that he pushes me towards the grass of the Quad, telling me to imagine myself an audience of two thousand people, and himself clambers up on a balustrade with a nasty drop behind it. Good heavens, I thought every moment he was going to wobble over backwards! But he began to speak. In a few moments I was spellbound. I sat down on the damp grass. There against the dark stone buildings was Bertie Grey, above him domes and spires, above them a white moon that flooded the Quad with light, and there on the damp grass sat I—entranced. Upon my soul, I believe that was the finest speech I ever listened to. Certainly I heard nothing like it when I was in Parliament. It was magnificent. I can remember nothing like it for eloquence, for logic, for persuasiveness. And what do you think it was about? Temperance! Yes (laughing very heartily) on Temperance; and you can imagine nothing finer than that passionate moonlight speech by Bertie Grey on Temperance, inspired by good claret.

At the same time, while he could "let go" in this manner on certain occasions, Grey was a man of the nicest refinement. "I solemnly declare to you," says Mr. Napier, "that never once did I hear a base word on Bertie's lips; and I'm pretty confident that no man ever dared to tell

a bawdy story in his presence." He appears to have been considered by his contemporaries rather more of a man of the world than themselves by virtue of having gone a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean with his brother-in-law, the Duke of St. Albans, before he came up. This experience of the world, and his knowledge of the Court, seems to have given Albert Grey a certain distinction in the eyes of his fellows. But his real influence came from his fine nature. Mr. Cecil Ashley, a son of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury, who had gone down just before Grey went up to Cambridge, and who was a lifelong friend, says that from boyhood up he was always "the very embodiment of chivalry, honour, loyalty, and truth." For no one, he tells me, has he ever entertained a more profound admiration.

Mr. Napier relates a curious story of psychical interest:

I had rooms just over Bertie's in Nevile's Court. His rooms were finer than mine—cool, spacious, panelled, and well lighted—so we used to take our meals there. Sometimes we'd sit at the table talking. One night I remember he told me a ghost story. I don't take any interest in such things, but this story I've never forgotten. I think the way in which Bertie told it, so simply, no embellishments, and no

attempt at explanation, accounts for that. It happened while he was at Harrow. He woke up one night hearing a cry. He looked up, and there at the foot of his bed was a particular friend of his, a boy who had been lying ill for some weeks in another room. Bertie jumped up and went to him. Just as his arms went clean through this apparition, or whatever it was, he heard a second cry outside the door. He hurried out, went to the room in which this sick friend was lying, and found him dead. Bertie didn't seem a bit curious about the matter. He just told it to me as something rather queer that had happened to him.

A house-master at Harrow, and Colonel Weston Jarvis confirms the story, tells me that Grey had a strange vision of his father one night, that particulars were taken at the time of this appearance, and that next day brought the announcement of the father's death.[1]

Mr. Napier has a vivid remembrance of Grey's delight in beautiful buildings, beautiful ceremonies, and the whole setting of University life. He says that he chose his friends with discretion, and that most of them were serious workers, like Arthur Lyttelton. He remembers, too, the delight with which Grey heard a good story or a

[1] So far as I can ascertain, no member of his family is aware of this incident.

neat epigram. "He particularly liked," says Mr. Napier, "the Master of Trinity's playful saying about the Public Orator, a great dandy but a most lovable man—'That part of his time which he can *spare* from the adornment of his person he *occupies* in the neglect of his duties.'" He sums up his memory of those days in these words, "I do not remember a single word or any act of Bertie Grey's which might not be declared in open day to all the world."

After leaving the University, Albert Grey went in 1875 with the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII., to India, but getting a bad sunstroke at Goa, which cost him most of his dark hair, was obliged to return home. He threw himself with great delight into the social pleasures of London, but continued his reading, and sought out the society of interesting people. He was just as happy in the field amusements of a country house as in the intellectual excitements of a London season. Lady Wantage tells me that to the end of his days he preserved a certain boyishness, loving festive wit, enjoying a brilliant dinner-party, entering into every kind of fun, ever ready to suggest a prank; nevertheless he made people feel from the very

first that he was seriously interested in serious things.

He ran some danger at this time of being spoilt by society. He was one of those handsome and gifted men whom people like to have about them, to whom all doors are for ever open, and on whose aureoled heads from one year's end to another rain invitations of the most attractive and seducing kind. In appearance he was singularly distinguished, with manners that were the very perfection of dignity and ease. He was one of those men of the world who are not ashamed to show tenderness of feeling. He loved a story that added to the beauty of human life, and could be deeply touched by a narrative of pathos. Without any profound knowledge of aesthetics, and with something almost childlike in his nature which clamoured always for symbolism in art, he was eagerly responsive to loveliness. No man so impulsively and wholesomely ever gave himself to such frank and catholic adoration of beauty—beauty of every kind. He was a great admirer of Marie Hall's violin playing, of Sarah Bernhardt's acting, and of Pavlova's dancing. His enthusiasm for the Russian, while she remained in London, was very great. He made up parties to go and

see her performances, and on one occasion was presented to her. She asked him to come and see her in Hampstead. "This was an invitation," Lady Wantage tells me with a smile, "which made him feel the value of an elderly aunt, and so I was dragged off to go with him. I remember he stopped the carriage on the way to buy some beautiful lilies. But when we arrived at the house it was to be told that Pavlova had been called away to an important rehearsal. We were begged to wait, and waited. We saw her only for a few minutes for Lord Grey had an engagement in Downing Street."

It was this quality, this enthusiastic appreciation of all beauty and grace, which made him so popular with women, and might have been his social and political undoing but for influences presently to be noticed which, acting on his sympathetic nature, guided him towards serious service. No temptations, one likes to think, would ever have seduced a nature so essentially chivalric and so enthusiastic for excellence; but it is quite possible that he might have ended his life, so wide and great was his popularity at its threshold, merely as a charming and gracious man of the world had it not been for influences

which began to operate upon his mind soon after he came back from India.

The family place in Northumberland was at this time Albert Grey's headquarters. His uncle, the third earl, a man of great intellectual vigour and remarkable physical endurance, was already an old man of seventy-six, who did not expect to live much longer, and who did not, therefore, show much sympathy with Albert Grey's desire for an immediate political career, feeling that his nephew would soon succeed him in the House of Lords. He made over the entire management of the estate to Grey in 1884, ten years before he died, and this fact, and his uncle's wishes, probably played a considerable part in the decision Albert Grey took not to seek re-election after 1886.[1]

But his nature was not suited to play a waiting rôle, and there is little doubt that, devotedly as he loved Howick, he longed at times for a more

[1] He first stood, as a Liberal, for South Northumberland in 1878, against Mr. Matthew White Ridley, the contest resulting in a tie. Both men took their seats in the House of Commons, but on a scrutiny Ridley was declared elected by two votes. In 1880 Grey was returned for the Tyneside Division, which he represented for six years. In the 1886 election he was defeated.

active career and for a home to which he could freely invite young men whose imaginations responded to his own. He was frankly ambitious to make his own way in the world. His affection for his uncle, however, kept him at Howick, and, as it happens, it was here that his spirit first took that ply which was to characterise the remainder of his political career.

He had married in 1877 a daughter of Mr. Robert Staynor Holford, who did London considerable service by building Dorchester House. She was almost a child when he fell in love with her at their first meeting in Florence. She was only eighteen when they married.

Three living men and one dead author were shaping Albert Grey's mind at this period. He had met and been greatly impressed by the brilliant Arnold Toynbee, whose handsome presence alone would have commended him to Albert Grey, and whose strength, in Lord Milner's phrase, "lay in the extraordinary impression which his personality made upon those with whom he came into contact." By Toynbee, Grey was introduced to the works of Mazzini. Toynbee gave him a living interest in social reform; Mazzini fired him with enthusiasm for a better world.

He came to the political philosophy of Mazzini with the fervour created by Toynbee's extraordinary personality.[1] But even with this new birth stirring in his soul, Grey remained essentially an Englishman and essentially too a patrician. This is important to bear in mind. He was never at any moment in his career the very mildest of revolutionaries. Indeed, although his admiration for Toynbee was exceeding great, he never became the very least of the disciples of "the Apostle Arnold." He took his own way. He was always outside of the pit from which he sought to help men upward. He stooped often and far, but he never descended. It is important for a rightful understanding of his mind to apprehend in all its implications this central fact of the man's life, that, call him Whig or Liberal, Radical or Christian Socialist, what you will, he was at the roots of his nature a royalist, an aristocrat, and a gay lover of life. Pride in his race was the very breath of his nostrils, and faith in the mon-

[1] ". . . he always seemed to me of nobler mould than other men. His intellectual gifts were great, rare, and striking, but they were not, by themselves, commanding. What was commanding was the whole nature of the man —his purity, his truthfulness, his unrivalled loftiness of soul" (*Arnold Toynbee*, by Lord Milner (Edward Arnold)).

archy the very centre of his patriotism. He was clean out of sympathy with the Tories of his period, and at the end of his days spoke to me impatiently of their successors as the still stupid party; but with all his strong, genuine, and creative enthusiasms for democracy, he was nevertheless in his heart of hearts no party man at all, but rather a great-hearted and Tudor-minded Englishman, who saw in our domestic poverty and wretchedness as deep a national and a human shame as, in a rational development of the British Empire, he saw a remedy for all our home ills and a future of quite boundless magnificence for the entire family of man.

This faith of his was only at its beginning when he entered Parliament. With Mazzini and Toynbee working in his mind, but by no means dominating his life, contact with two other men, the one as different from the other as can well be imagined, suggested a number of new ideas to his natural intelligence. One of these men was the neighbouring rector of Embleton, Mandell Creighton; the other the editor of a halfpenny newspaper at Darlington, W. T. Stead. He told me that he would often walk over to Embleton on Sunday evenings to take supper with the

Creightons, and that he would fire off at the head of his distinguished host some of the queer ideas gathered from the romantic editor in Darlington. "Creighton," he told me, "always laughed at my ideas about the Church," and added, "but I was often laughing at him—particularly when I watched him trying to entertain some of our Northumbrians." He told me that Creighton would walk round and round the room when it was filled with parishioners, whom he was supposed to be entertaining, teaching them at least one thing, to wit, that the last thing for which a chair is fashioned is to be sat upon. It was the most amusing thing in the world, he said, to watch this historian fresh from Oxford endeavouring to be at his ease with the sunburnt field-labourers of Northumbria. Nevertheless, Creighton in the end got hold of the affections of those simple people, and by his fine wit and penetrating intellect, made an impression on the mind of Albert Grey which lasted a lifetime. Both men were profoundly interested in history, both were dissatisfied with things as modern industrialism had made them, and both had a pleasant sense of the ridiculous.

"Stead amused me to begin with," said Grey, speaking of those times. "I found that this provincial editor of an obscure paper was corresponding with kings and emperors all over the world, and receiving long letters from statesmen of every nation. This struck me as odd and interesting. Later on, I discovered that the man was a sincere patriot, with a fervent desire to make things better, and a keen sense, too, of the value of the Empire. I used to go long walks with him, talking about the state of the people in England, and discussing the best ways for improving their condition. He was perfectly sane in those days. That dreadful craze of his about departed spirits had not begun to show itself. I got a great many good ideas from him. On the whole, he was a fine fellow, and quite honest. Above everything else, he introduced me to Rhodes."

There is no question, however, that by far the greatest influence in his life at this time was Mazzini. In the first conversation I had with him on his deathbed, he told me that Mazzini had been his Bible, and in the last, speaking of those who had striven and longed to help humanity by the power of love, he said, "I mean Christ

and the Mazzinis of history." He had no praise too high for the Italian patriot.

It should be borne in mind at this point that the first political interests of Albert Grey were entirely domestic. It was not until his association with Cecil Rhodes in the late 'eighties that his nascent Imperialism leapt up into a predominating primacy. His political evolution is so largely a part of his last message to his fellow-citizens that I feel it important to emphasise this point. We shall see from what immediately follows that Mazzini's influence was entirely in the sphere of domestic politics, and later on that it was not until he was in actual touch with the Empire that he came to apply Mazzini's principles to the whole cosmos of the British Commonwealth.

He was in the habit of marking those passages in books which made a particular appeal to his sympathies, and in the fourth volume of Mazzini's works,[1] which includes his favourite essay on *The Duties of Man*, there are many of these marginal pencillings, with a number of references on the last fly-leaf to passages which had made the deepest impression on his mind.

[1] *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*, 1867 (Smith, Elder & Co.).

For example, he entitles the following passage on page 272, which is twice scored in the book, "The Rule of Life":

Love Humanity. Ask yourselves, as to every act you commit within the circle of family or country: *If what I now do were done by and for all men, would it be* beneficial or injurious to Humanity? and if your conscience tell you it would be injurious, desist: desist, even though it seem that an immediate advantage to your country or family would be the result.

The following passage on page 228 he calls on the fly-leaf "The Object of Life":

We must convince men that they are all sons of one sole God, and bound to fulfil and execute one sole law here on earth: that each of them is bound to live, not for himself, but for others; that the aim of existence is not to be more or less happy, but to make themselves and others more virtuous; that to struggle against injustice and error, wherever they exist, in the name and for the benefit of their brothers, is not only a *right* but a Duty; a duty which may not be neglected without sin, the duty of their whole life.

Among the many passages marked in this volume I think the following are characteristic of the man who approved them as he read:

Material ameliorations are essential, and we will strive to obtain them, not because the one thing

necessary to man is, that he should be well housed and nourished, but because you can neither acquire a true consciousness of your own dignity, nor achieve your own moral development, so long as you are engaged, as at the present day, in a continual struggle with poverty and want.

The sufferings of the poor are partially known to the wealthier classes ; *known*, but not *felt*.

When Christ came, and changed the face of the world . . . He spoke of Duty, He spoke of Love, of Sacrifice, and of Faith ; and He said that *they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labour to the good of all*.

Humanity is the Word, living in God. The Spirit of God fecundates it, and manifests itself through it, in greater purity and activity from epoch to epoch, now through the instrumentality of an individual, now through that of a people. . . . Humanity is the *successive* incarnation of God.

It was from Mazzini, he told me, that he received, in the following words, his clearest marching orders as a social reformer :

You were first *slaves*, then *serfs*. Now you are *hirelings*. You have emancipated yourselves from slavery and from serfdom. Why should you not emancipate yourselves from the yoke of *hire*, and become free producers, and masters of the totality of production which you create ?

To Albert Grey, poring over his Mazzini as a

religious pores upon his Bible, this passage, which looks back upon man's past and then forward to his future, was a political inspiration which had all the force of reason and all the sanction of a holy scripture. He spoke to me on several occasions of Mazzini's "ladder of evolution," putting it into his own words and speaking of man's ascent, "from slave to serf, from serf to hireling, from hireling to *partner*." The last word is perhaps significant.

It is quite certain that the influence of Mazzini was supreme in Grey's mind during his experience as a Parliamentarian, but it is equally certain in my opinion that the full meaning of this influence had not at this time permeated his consciousness. When he abandoned politics, having parted company with Mr. Gladstone over the first Home Rule Bill, he became interested in various movements making for social betterment, and in his acquaintance with those who directed these movements the principles of Mazzini gradually took firmer shape in his mind. Afterwards, when friendship with Rhodes and personal knowledge of the Empire had given a new direction to his enthusiasms, these Mazzini principles became to him the very postulates of statesmanship.

We must picture him at this time journeying constantly between London and Howick, in the one place a most popular drawing-room figure, charming a whole host of friends, and in the other, the young father of a family, going with his wife and children about that beautiful countryside and through the woods to the seashore, there to collect shells and watch the waves breaking on the rocks. In both places he was a serious politician, studying documents, mastering statistics, and seeking the society of such experts as he could find. But also in both places he was the gay and happy-hearted lover of life. His children adored him ; there was a circle in London which regarded him as the future Prime Minister.

He is described to me by an authority as a nice horseman, a good shot without being a professor, and a master fisherman. "What Albert could do with timber and gut," says this authority, "was almost magical. He'd kill three salmon to my one. He seemed to have a perfect instinct, an infallible instinct, and you never saw a man kill his salmon with less fuss. He was a beautiful fisherman." He rode to hounds with keenness, and played cricket whenever he got a chance. He was something of a naturalist, too, and found

pleasure in the loveliness of nature. Howick became increasingly the spiritual background of his life. He loved it not only because here he lived delightful days with his wife and children, and not only because it was the home of his fathers, associated with proud family memories, but loved it for the great North Sea beating at its bounds, for its deep woods full of romantic imaginings, for its burn chanting to the sea, for its wind-swept hills, and for its homely people, stubborn and affectionate with the ancient spirit of the North.

London inspired him, but never captured his heart. He might have had anything he asked for from Mr. Gladstone, might have had the most brilliant of political careers, and might have spent the greater part of his life at the centre of the Empire—as popular a figure as London had ever known. He founded the Eighty Club, which, Lord Bryce tells me, was known first of all as Mr. Grey's Committee—"a little group of Liberals who used sometimes to dine together in a restaurant in Regent Street." But there was something in his spirit which could not brook the dulness of a party politician's life, something in his soul which made him clamorous for a fuller and freer

existence. He was dead against Mr. Gladstone's measure of Home Rule, but scarcely less opposed to the total spirit of the House of Commons. It was this feeling, far more than objection to the principle of Home Rule as then expounded, which made him seek outside of the House of Commons a national party to support him in a new crusade. And this new crusade of his with which I shall now deal in detail remained from that day (1886) to his death in 1917, the master political passion of his life. He was not a failure as a politician; his politics were in advance of the party system. He did not abandon politics, but set himself to give that word a nobler definition in the minds of his countrymen. And as his life developed he came to see in the British Empire the inspiration which would one day assuredly give to his countrymen this nobler political system.

It is significant of his temperament that seeing this fact so clearly and obsessing himself with this idea so completely, he never became anything of a fanatic, and remained to the end of his life a lover of the world. I asked Lady Wantage if he had ever bored people with his political ideas. "Bore," she replied, "is the last word in the language you could properly apply to him." He

was the rarest of human creatures, the enthusiast for social reform whom nobody calls a crank.

"Don't make me out to be a hero, whatever you do," were among his last words to me. "I've loved every hour of my life. I've enjoyed every minute. And as for my work, it has only been the sowing of seed as I went along loving everything. I never thought to change the world or to set up a new order of anything. I only wanted people who believe in the principles of Mazzini to go on quietly working for them, knowing that one day they are bound to conquer. They are! Here I lie on my death-bed—looking clear into the Promised Land. I'm not allowed to enter it, but there it is before my eyes. After the War the people of this country will enter it, and those who laughed at me for a dreamer will see that I wasn't so wrong after all. But there's still work to do for those who didn't laugh, hard work, and with much opposition in their way; all the same, it is work right up against the goal. My dreams have come true."

He was a man who presents to the world in a rather notable and certainly in a most charming form, that interesting type of humanity which has been produced to a superlative perfection

in this country by the interaction of two very powerful and almost antagonistic forces, a proud aristocratic tradition and the religion of Christianity. He was at one and the same time, and in all his moods, the patrician who entertains no doubt as to his place in the social hierarchy, and also the deliberate knight of the chivalry of Christ. He mingled in one stream of pleasantness and benevolence his human delight in existence and his reverence for the character of Jesus. His loyalty to the king was one with his loyalty to God. His morality was a part of his patriotism and his patriotism was a part of his religion. He was the authentic Englishman of the open air, fond of his country's sports, devoted to the cheerful domestic life of England, and always ready to fling himself with the full exorbitance of his nature into the amusements of his fellow-countrymen; but he was also mindful of his duties, very conscious of the obligations of privilege, and humbly desirous of serving, in his own English way, both God and man.

At the English heart of him, I think, was a tender and almost a sentimental sympathy which enlarged itself with experience into a profound love of humanity. He delighted to use all his

powers to make people happy. He would go out of his way to visit the lonely, to cheer the sorrowful, and to encourage the overborne. These things came from him not as the toilsome discharge of duty but as an irrepressible expression of his own joy of life. Nothing which brought pleasure to other people ever seemed trivial or insignificant to his warm-hearted nature. His vivacity, we may say, was ever at the service of his fellow-creatures.

One of his most intimate friends, whose friendship with him began in Canada, gives me illustrations of this quality in his nature. On one occasion, after walking with him on the Plains of Abraham, they came to a solitary cottage surrounded by a charming old-fashioned garden. Lord Grey insisted upon entering this garden. He opened the gate and they passed in together :

> Behind some shrubs we found an elderly lady, just as sweet and old-fashioned as her garden. His friendly and courteous greeting on such occasions was most winning, and in a few minutes the apprehension and shyness of manner which first encountered us had vanished. The old lady was soon chatting away to him, telling the story of her garden, whilst picking him a bunch of flowers. Before we left he made himself known to her, and begged to be allowed

to send others to visit both her and her garden, in order that they might share the pleasure she had just given him. He made her feel very proud of her possession, and happy in being told what it would mean to other people's enjoyment.

Soon after his arrival in Canada, when he was much troubled by the heavy infant mortality in that country, he set out with this friend to visit a farmer "who was making a great effort to get his cattle and barns into such condition as would ensure the milk leaving his farm perfectly free from impurities." This visit entailed a long drive over bad roads in vile weather :

Lord Grey looked over everything, asked questions, listened to all the explanations, and then talked to the amazed farmer in a way that must have made him feel he had embarked on a real life-saving mission ; I felt sure that he would never relax his efforts.

He was always, says this correspondent, flashing into people's lives and enriching them, even if it were only by making them see something of beauty in their surroundings which from custom or familiarity had long since ceased to engage their thoughts :

On one occasion, riding up the Gatineau, we stopped at a little house with nothing particularly attractive about it except that it looked clean and

was at some distance from any of the other cottages. Lord Grey dismounted, and asked the tired-looking woman who opened the door to his knock if she would give us a cup of tea—an unusual thing to be asked in that part of Canada. The woman looked troubled for a moment, but assented, more by motion than by word. She disappeared, and in a short time produced a brown teapot, a loaf of bread, and a jug of maple syrup. Before we left, this silent and astonished creature was showing us the other rooms of her cottage, Lord Grey making her feel all the time how much there was in her home to be proud of. It was with an entirely transformed countenance that she said good-bye to us, and when he declared his wish to come back and see her some day, her "Sure I'll be glad" came from a heart that had been thawed and warmed.

This same correspondent had similar experiences with Lord Grey in England, and relating them makes use of a phrase which seems to me an illuminating tribute to his character. I will put this phrase into italics:

We were going across country, and came to an isolated farmhouse. *He never could resist stopping anywhere where there was an appearance of loneliness.* Every one was out at work except a girl of sixteen or seventeen, of a kind most people would have found it impossible to hold conversation with. It did not take Lord Grey long to discover that the only book she had for Sundays was the Bible, whereupon he said he would send her something she was to read,

and explained it to her. That evening a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was ordered to be sent to the uncouth-looking farm girl.

And then follows this incident :

Last June, when his store of strength was very slim, and his only means of getting about at Howick was his donkey-chair, one evening, the very last time I was out with him, he mischievously misled me and took advantage of my ignorance of the turnings to go a longer round than we ought to have done. He did this in order that he might reach the co-operative stores and inquire why a little girl of eight had been allowed to carry home a parcel that was much too heavy for her strength. He had met her on the road several days before, and the tenderness of his heart could not be satisfied until, tired as he was, and at the risk of endangering the little strength he had left, he had made the inquiries and tried to prevent a recurrence of risk to a child's slender body.

He was walking with one of his daughters a few years ago through a part of Northumberland outside his own borders when the sight of an old woman carrying a bucket of water arrested his attention. He asked for how long she had been fetching water from the well, and how many times a day this duty had to be performed. With these facts gathered he paced the distance from the well to the woman's cottage, and proved that in

fetching water she had already walked as great a distance as that which separates London from Pekin. "And for about six or seven shillings," he exclaimed, "she might have had the water laid on in her scullery." He insisted on putting in a water-supply for this old dame, and although his daughters would try to chasten his eloquence in speaking of this famous and fruitless walk from London to Pekin, by the prophecy that the old body would now surely die for want of exercise, Lord Grey, smiling at that jest, loved the incident for a particular reason. "It shows," he would say, "how a little thought, and a little common sense, can make things better." He was convinced that only sympathy and intelligence are necessary to remove all the economic evils which afflict mankind. Of rich people who spend their money in the vain pursuit of pleasure in the great crowded centres of fashion instead of settling down to make their own estates, or some corner of the world, happier and better, he would exclaim: "If they only knew what they miss!"

Such incidents as these, which might be multiplied a hundred times, are worth many pages of psychological analysis. They help us to enter into the heart of this very unaffected and chivalrous

man who asks us as a last act of courtesy to listen to his voice. We may be certain that so gallant and gentle a spirit does not make this request for his own glory, but because he feels himself deeply persuaded he has help for the world. From a heart so kind, so loving, and so happy, where no baseness ever found a lodging, can proceed no mean or selfish thought. His gay good-night to the world is addressed as an encouragement to those who are fighting for right reason and the will of God, and as a light to those who still sit in darkness. To the very last breath in his body he was thinking how he could help mankind.

"He was, as he looked," says Mr. H. W. Massingham, "a Paladin of Empire"; and adds "he was England of the English." I think that no Englishman in the least degree worthy of that great title will refuse him the last courtesy of listening to his voice from the grave.

II
A People's House

You country gentlemen bring with you into the People's House a freshness and sweet savour which our citizens lack mightily. I would fain merit your esteem, heedless of those pursy fellows from hulks and warehouses, with one ear lappeted by the pen behind it.—W. S. LANDOR (*Cromwell*).

FROM his first experience of politics, Lord Grey discerned a danger to the State in the composition of the House of Commons. His sense of fair-play had some influence in his mind concerning this matter; but it was his faith in the value of full and free discussion which most strongly led him to protest against our electoral system, proposing a better.

This young Liberal from Northumberland, a member of the victorious party, with the Tory opposition strong enough to give serious trouble, yet conceived it his duty to proclaim the righteousness of a change which would have brought the two parties to a nearer balance. It was his faith that the national welfare, which was something of infinitely greater value to him than the success of his party, was best served by a total representation of the national mind. The more shatteringly

either of the two great parties triumphed at the polls the less certain was it in his opinion that progress would be strong and salutary. And in the emphatic triumph of one party over another he saw an extension of the party spirit which might become a considerable evil in the State.

Even in those early days of his political experiences, when almost every Liberal's head was furiously hot with the struggle between the Whigs and the Radicals, Albert Grey embraced the idea of a British House of Commons which should faithfully represent the mind of the nation and which should have for its enactments the authority of the whole people rather than the chance victory of a particular party. Later in his life, with deeper experience and actual knowledge of the British Empire, he saw in this first of his political enthusiasms a cause almost essential to the very existence of the British Commonwealth.

He asks his fellow-countrymen for one last fair hearing on this subject, at the same time bidding those who are fighting for the cause of electoral reform to be of a good courage because from his death-bed he could discern the signs of victory.

He said to me: "Anything which exaggerates mechanical antagonisms of the party system must be bad; and anything which tends to place the national interest above party opportunism must be good. What we have to do is to increase people's interest in the Empire, and to give as much effect as we possibly can to this intelligent interest. It doesn't matter whether the Conservative party or the Liberal party is in office so long as the House of Commons represents the whole mind of the nation and is master of the Government. Nothing can be so important to the Empire as a really strong and resolute House of Commons. A strong Government, master of an obedient and unrepresentative House of Commons, is as great a danger as can threaten national interests. I believe that we are going to grow out of our party system as it is now understood. I believe that we are going to lose the sense of faction in the realisation of a nobler imperialism, which will unite us all, however much we may be divided in particulars. I believe that the great principle of association is going to have a mastering effect on our politics during the present century. Men will perceive the wisdom of co-operation, and will work in a much

more conscious unity for the total welfare of the State. They are already, in this war, laying the foundations of a nobler and juster State. But there will always, and quite rightly, be divisions of opinion, and to make the State master of its Government these divisions of opinion must be fully represented in the House of Commons. Men of all parties ought to realise not only the injustice but the extreme danger of a purely party government in absolute control of the House of Commons. Our present electoral system is continually threatening us with this danger, and it ought to be reformed. The sooner the better; and for safety it cannot be too soon."

He invites us to accept the axiom that a strong and resolute House of Commons is an absolute necessity to the safety, honour, and welfare of the king's dominions. He then asks us to consider whether a strong and resolute House of Commons can possibly be secured, can possibly be made a certainty of our system, under the present electoral conditions. Suppose it to happen that with the extension of the franchise Labour members are returned for an overwhelming number of constituencies, so that both Liberals and Conservatives are reduced to a quite negligible

minority; does any one honestly think that such a House of Commons could safely be entrusted with the destinies of the Empire? But suppose that in every constituency returning this victorious party the Labour member was returned by a majority of only ten or twenty votes; is it not as clear as the sun at noonday that a House of Commons so composed and able to exercise an absolutely despotic power, would be grossly and scandalously unrepresentative of the national mind?

Under present conditions such a House of Commons is possible. It is possible under our present system for the Liberal, the Conservative, or the Labour Party to become the unchallenged tyrant of the House of Commons. It is even possible under our present system for a minority of the voters to attain a total mastery over the majority—as did indeed happen in 1874. Surely, on the very face of it, such a system stands condemned.

As early as 1882, speaking as the Liberal member for South Northumberland to a Liberal meeting in Newcastle, Albert Grey opposed himself to the next Liberal Franchise Bill of Mr. Schnadhorst. This speech so admirably

expresses his views, and with so characteristic a courage, that I will quote such passages as bear directly on the question of electoral reform.

He began as follows :

Last year I endeavoured to point out to you what were the proper functions of Government. I showed or endeavoured to show that the only legitimate end of Government was to promote the development of individuality and personal energy, that these were the qualities which chiefly distinguished free men from slaves, and that on their full possession by its citizens depended the prosperity of a State. I further showed that in order to enable Government to attain its end, the first duty of the State was at all times to maintain security, to protect its subjects from invasion and from aggression upon their equal rights, to secure to each man equal opportunities of developing himself by his own energy, to adjudicate when called upon, and to enforce restitution for proved injuries. I also showed that if any particular measure of State interference tended to increase the sum of personal energy and self-reliance existing in the nation it was deserving of your support, but if, on the other hand, it taught men to look in their hour of difficulty not to themselves but to the State, and thus tended to diminish the national stock of individuality, personal energy, and self-reliance, that then the very foundations of our national greatness received a shock, and the continuance of our prosperity, so far from being assured, became at once a question of anxious doubt.

He then stated the main desideratum of democracy:

It is obvious that what we want is a good House of Commons, a House that will prove a good legislative machine at the same time that it possesses the love and confidence of the nation. Now, I think it will be admitted by all that the excellence of a House of Commons as a business and deliberative assembly depends upon its variegated character and the independence of its members. According to Fox, "it was the essence of the constitution that the representation of the House of Commons should be of a compound character," and I do not think it possible to find a single opinion of any prominent politician on either side of the House which contradicts him. Lord Beaconsfield used to speak of the variety of energy which had so much distinguished the history of England, and it may be said to be almost an axiom with political philosophers that uniformity produces deadness, and that freedom and diversity of relations alone supply the conditions which give birth to intellectual life, activity, originality, and statesmanship.

As for the new Franchise Bill, if it should become law:

There will be no longer any security for the representation of any interest save one—a monopoly of political power will be thrown into the hands of one class—that class, namely, which maintains itself by manual labour. Now, it is hardly necessary for me to shield myself behind the names of those who are

regarded as great Liberal authorities when I say that this would be dangerous to the prosperity of the State, and injurious to the true interests of the people. Your own sense of fairness, which will lead you to claim for every voter an equal share in the representation, will rebel against a scheme, the effect of which may be to disfranchise all who are outside one class, and to exclude from all share in the government those large and important classes who maintain themselves in other ways than by manual labour.

He reminded his hearers that: "Liberal writers have one after another pointed out how subtle is the connection between despotism and democracy, and that when they become united they form obstacles the most hateful to progress, influences the most fatal to Liberalism, the most chilling to everything which makes life valuable to free men." He then stated his idea of a true democracy:

Now, gentlemen, in opposing those who recommend equal electoral districts or kindred plans, I take my stand on the principles of a pure democracy. For the spirit of a pure democracy requires that an equal share in the representation shall be given to each separate elector, and not that its exclusive possession should be entrusted to one class. . . . Mr. Courtney, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, has pointed out that our great want at present is not so much the enfranchisement of the unenfranchised as the representation of the unrepresented. The chief evil of our

present system is that it leaves large and important sections of opinion unrepresented, and the end of political reform should be to secure to these sections of opinion their due and fair share of representation in the House.

In conclusion he quoted a speech by John Mill in the 'sixties, supporting the electoral proposal of Mr. Hare:

I believe it has inspired all thoughtful persons who have adopted it with new and more sanguine hopes respecting the prospects of human society, by freeing the form of political institutions towards which the whole civilised world is manifestly and irresistibly tending from the chief part of what seemed to qualify or render doubtful its ultimate benefits. Independent opinions will force their way into the council of the nation, and make themselves heard there—a thing which cannot happen in the existing form of representative democracy; and the Legislature instead of being weeded of individual peculiarities, and entirely made up of men who simply represent the creed of great political or religious parties, will comprise a large proportion of the most eminent individual minds in the country, placed there without reference to party by voters who appreciate their individual eminence. I can understand that persons should, for want of sufficient examination, be repelled from Hare's plan by what they think the complex nature of its machinery. But any one who does not feel the want which the scheme is intended to supply, any one who throws it over as a mere theoretical subtlety or crotchet tending to no valuable purpose,

and unworthy of the attention of practical men, may be pronounced an incompetent statesman unequal to the politics of the future.

On another occasion [1] Lord Grey supported his arguments against the accidents of *majority representation* by means of a number of very telling illustrations. He asked what the present system means, and answered:

> It means that the majority shall have everything and the minority nothing. It means that . . . the whole of the representation shall be monopolised by that party which polls one more than half the votes, and that party which polls one less than half the votes shall have no representation at all.

But as things stand at present even a majority in a town may find itself represented by the minority. Suppose a town of 15,000 voters divided into three constituencies; and suppose the voting goes as follows:

	Number of Liberal Votes.	Number of Conservative Votes.	Politics represented.
First constituency .	2,000	2,200	Conservative
Second constituency	2,000	2,200	"
Third constituency .	6,000	600	Liberal
Total . .	10,000	5,000	

[1] In *The Nineteenth Century*.

That is to say, one-third of the voters obtain two-thirds of the representation, and that party which in the constituency has a majority of two to one is in the Legislature in the hopeless minority of one to two.

Instead of every vote having an equal value, every Conservative vote by this plan of community representation counts for as much as four Liberal votes—the principle of the sovereignty of the people is completely overthrown, and a minority rule is set up. And while the above instance shows that under this plan of community representation it is possible that one-third of the electors may obtain two-thirds of the representation, it is equally possible that they shall receive no representation at all. This depends on the shape of the boundary lines. Let us rearrange the boundaries of the constituencies so that the voters are divided between the three constituencies as follows :

	Number of Liberal Votes.	Number of Conservative Votes.	Politics represented.
First constituency .	8,000	2,000	Liberal
Second constituency .	3,000	2,000	,,
Third constituency .	4,000	1,000	,,
Total . . .	10,000	5,000	

Here the Conservatives are practically disfranchised and politically extinguished, and though entitled to one-third of the representation are, owing to the fact that they are too diffused to be able to command

in any constituency a local majority, shut out and excluded from obtaining their fair share of representation.

No one can maintain that this is a fair or true representation of opinion. Why should 3000 voters have a representative, and 4000 voters have none, simply because they live on two sides of a boundary line instead of one?

He pointed out that in the General Election of 1868 a minority of Lancashire electors secured two representatives for every one obtained by the majority:

102,000 Conservatives electing 22 representatives.
104,000 Liberals electing 11 representatives.

More telling still: the General Election of 1874 gave the country a Parliament with a Conservative majority of 50, although the Liberals polled 1,400,000 against the Conservative total of 1,200,000.

He cited the case of Cyprus:

At the end of 1882 it was decided to give Cyprus representative institutions. A legislative council was created in which there were twelve members to be elected by the people. But the census taken in 1881 revealed the fact that one-quarter of the people were Mahommedan and three-quarters non-Mahommedan. Now, wishing to secure fair representation, what did the Government do? Did they divide the island into

twelve districts each returning one member? No; they knew that such a course would be grossly unfair to the Mahommedans, who, although they were one-quarter of the whole, would be of course out-voted in every constituency, and practically disfranchised. So the Government decided that three of the members should be elected by the Mahommedan, and nine by the non-Mahommedan inhabitants. . . .

Now it is difficult to understand why, if it is desirable to secure the general representation of the people of Cyprus, it should not be equally desirable to obtain the general representation of the people of the United Kingdom.

Lord Grey did not content himself with an exposure of the injustice and danger of the present system. All his destructive criticisms were made to clear the ground for a system which he felt to be as logically and lucidly sound as the prevailing system is manifestly, even ludicrously, unsound. And his exposition of this system with which he desired to supplant the other has the merit of being intelligible to the slowest understanding—a merit not always to be discovered in the exposition of his brother apostles of Proportional Representation:

It will be my endeavour to show that whatever be the end and object of Reform, whether it be "the true representation of opinion," as Sir Charles Dilke

asserts; or that "the majority shall rule," as Mr. Chamberlain asserts; or that the full privileges of citizenship shall be enjoyed by the largest number of capable citizens, as the Prime Minister asserts; or whether it be that we shall obtain a better Legislature, as Mr. H. Fowler, the member for Wolverhampton, and every political writer from Burke to Bagehot assert; whether it be the attainment of any one of these four objects, or the attainment of all four combined, the best and most effectual means of securing that end lies in the application to our electoral system of that principle which aims at the representation of electors, and not in that which aims at the representation of localities.

First let us consider which principle is the one to be preferred if we aim at the true representation of opinion and at the rule of the majority. We may take both these points together, for it is evident that the majority of electors must get the larger share of the representation if the different portions of the electorate are evenly and proportionately represented.

A mere statement, side by side, of the meaning of the terms individual or proportional representation and community or majority representation will enable us to see at a glance which system is most likely to secure the true representation of opinion and the rule of the majority.

What, then, is the meaning of individual or proportional representation? Proportional representation means the actual and exhaustive representation of the whole electorate. It means absolutely true representation. It means that if 50,000 voters shall be able to elect five representatives, 40,000 voters shall be able to elect four representatives. It means

that the Government shall be carried on by the whole number of electors equally represented, and not by a majority of electors exclusively represented. It does not mean that the whole of the representation shall be given to two-thirds of the electors, but that two-thirds of the electors shall have two-thirds of the representation, and one-third of the electors the remaining one-third. The principle of proportional representation is that the vote of every single elector shall count for as much as that of any other elector. It insists that two Liberal votes shall count for as much as two Conservative votes, and guards against the scandal of two Conservative votes outweighing three Liberal votes. While on the one hand it will ensure beyond the possibility of a doubt absolute supremacy in the representation to the majority of voters, it will on the other hand secure to every large section of opinion a representation in just and fair proportion to its strength. It is founded on the principle of pure democracy, which proclaims equality of all and the rule of the majority.

Nothing, I think it will be agreed, could better this exposition. It is as clear and simple as any man could wish, and with its clearness and simplicity there is a ring of sincerity which assures the reader he is listening, not to a political quack or to a party politician, but to an honest man deeply concerned for the general welfare of his country. Lord Grey refused to admit that "the methods of proportional representation are so

complex as its opponents find it convenient to declare." All that the voter has to do, he said, is to write the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. against the names of the candidates in the order of his preference: "If he cannot do that he is not a capable citizen, and is not fit to have a vote." The process which every elector goes through in a School Board election is much more difficult: "for it is easier for a man to say whom he prefers than to say how much he prefers him." Finally:

Holding fast to the radical formula that every vote should have as nearly as possible an equal value, I lay down these three propositions as absolutely essential to its realisation:

1. That the United Kingdom be divided into electoral areas returning three or more members.
2. That the representation of each area be apportioned to its population.
3. That the method of election adopted be such as will secure that in every constituency the various sections of opinion be represented, as nearly as circumstances will permit, in fair proportion to their strength.

With all his enthusiasm for the principle of Proportional Representation, and although this enthusiasm sprang from his conviction that the present electoral system is dangerous, Lord Grey never became impatient with his countrymen

for their apparent indifference to his advocacy. He recognised that the germination of an idea requires time, and, to keep up his courage, he valorously held that a good idea always does germinate in the end. This gave a certain serenity to his campaigning, and prevented him from being either a nuisance to his friends or a monomaniac to the public.

But it gave him deep pleasure at the end of his life to know that this foundational political principle for which he had contended ever since he first entered Parliament was making its way to victory at last. His pleasure arose from no pardonable vanity, but from a conviction that the politics of the immediate future will demand the very highest form of citizenship. He desired his countrymen to take their citizenship more seriously. He wanted every Englishman who exercises the franchise to feel himself profoundly responsible for the destinies of the Empire. He believed that only in a House of Commons which represented all the rich diversity of the British mind could a Government be trusted safely to administer the world affairs of the British Commonwealth.

His vision looked forward to a time when every

voter in the country would feel it a personal shame not to be seriously interested in the action of Parliament, and when a realisation of the immense possibilities of the Empire would make every man an intelligent politician. He seemed to have no fear of democracy, to entertain no distrust of the proletariat. So long as all classes were represented in the House of Commons, so long as every vote in the country really counted, he regarded any fresh extension of the franchise as a step in the right direction. Few men in his social position ever so completely trusted the good sense of the British people. I think he condemned the present system of majority representation as much because it tends to depress minorities and so diminish public interest in politics as because it is unjust and unsound. His supreme desire, as I understood him, was for a deeper, livelier, and more intelligent interest on the part of all classes in the political evolution of Great Britain.

He seemed to me in this last message to his countrymen to bid them awake from political apathy and rouse themselves to an apprehension of the vast magnificence of their imperial inheritance. If he had lived, as he had hoped, he

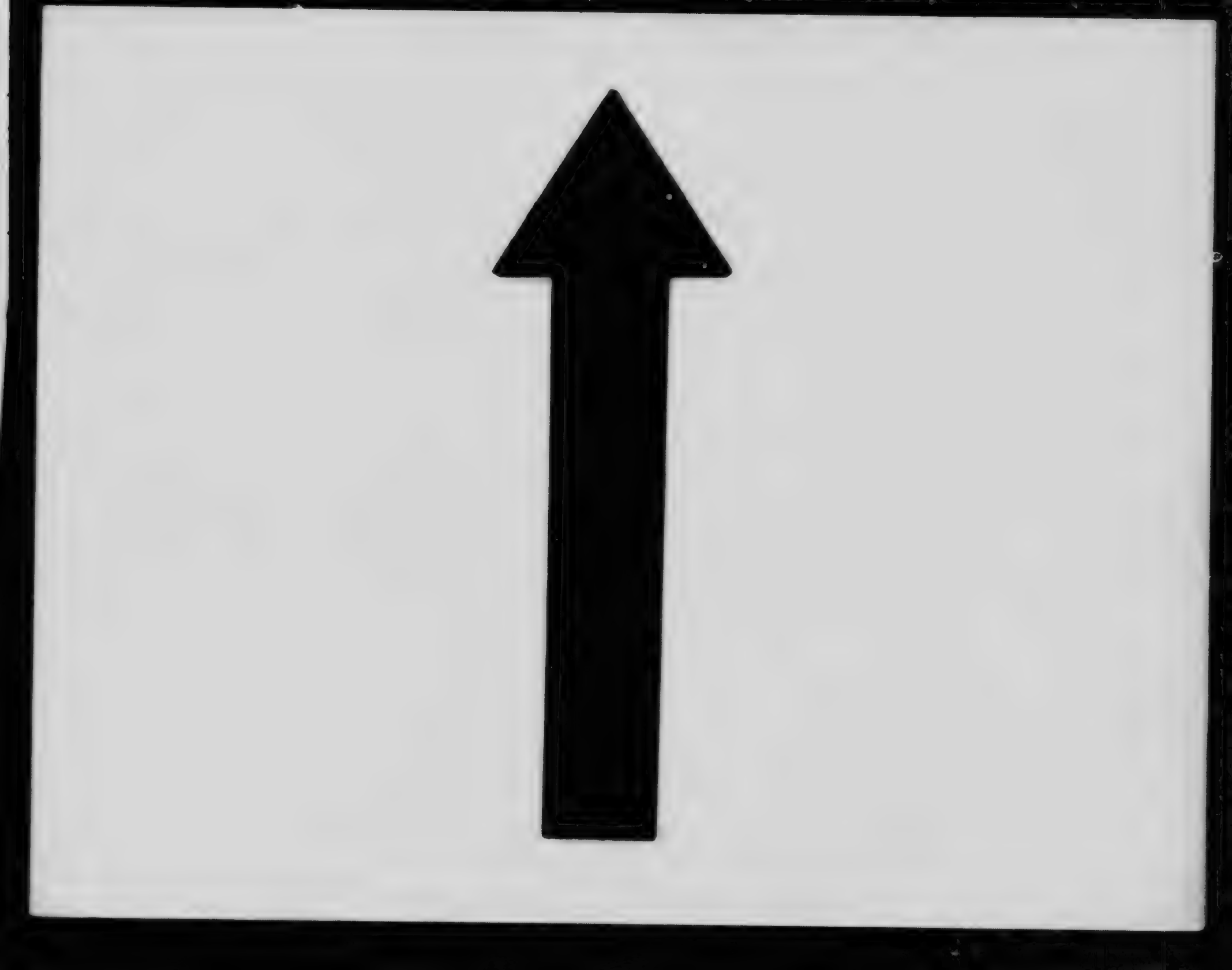
intended to spend the last years of his life in striving to fire the imagination of British democracy to realise the boundless hopes of its British Empire. We shall see presently how spiritual was his conception of the Empire, and how altogether above the sordid economic covetousness or mere Cæsarian arrogance of the professional jingo his spirit soared towards its vision of the future. But for the present we must content ourselves by saying that he asked his countrymen to do away with an electoral system which is bad and dangerous, and to make trial of a system which is just and rational, and which with great success has been put into operation in other countries, because he wanted to intensify their political consciousness in order that the British Empire might be safe in the keeping of British genius.

He distrusted all parties: he distrusted every House of Commons elected under the present system; but he never once distrusted British democracy. He had long since broken the extremely slender thread which in early years bound him to a single political party; he had long since ceased to regard the purely factional disputation of political parties as a serious means to social progress; he told me that while he felt

the spell of Mr. Gladstone's moral nature and was profoundly flattered by the friendship of so good a man, he never once came under his political dominion; from the very first there was a movement in his spirit away from the professionalism of politics, and as he grew in knowledge this spirit carried him clear away from the artificial conflict of organised party forces. His faith in the justice, kindness, and good sense of British democracy was almost boundless, and it was to these qualities of his countrymen (British democracy, of course, being representative of all classes and all degrees of culture) that he felt it quite safe to appeal for a more rational and honest expression of our British political conscience.

He desired a masterful House of Commons, representative of the whole nation, and inspired above everything else by intelligent loyalty to the British Empire. He believed in a strong Second Chamber, reckoning it essential to the safety of the country. And he hated men, to whatever party they belonged, who degraded politics.

III
A People's Church



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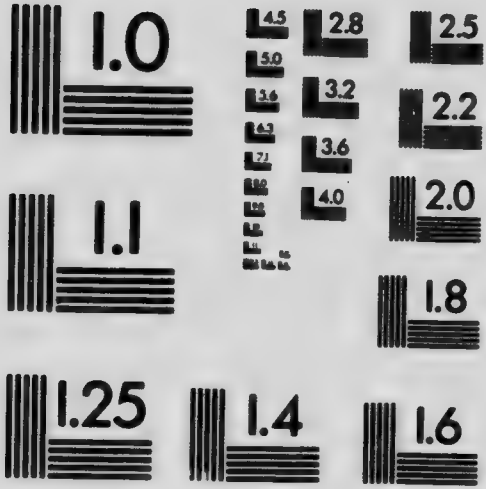

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It is far less necessary to look for new incentives to virtuous action, than simply to secure for those already implanted in the soul a more free and unhindered operation.—WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

JUST as he hoped for a great national Parliament inspired by a high and disinterested devotion to the Empire, so Lord Grey hoped for a great national Church inspired by the religion of humanity. Here, of course, he was following with a complete and unquestioning faith in the footsteps of Mazzini.

It is characteristic, I think, that he should speak intimately of this idea only with those of whose sympathy he could be reasonably sure. The soul of candour and frankness, he was spiritually shy. Many of those who knew him well might have thought that he had no religious faith at all. One who knew him exceedingly well, speaking of this matter, said to me, "I never once discussed religion with Albert. Of course I knew he had some queer ideas on the subject, but he never mentioned them to me, and

I certainly never discussed them with him" : he spoke of religion as one of the unfortunate fads of this otherwise sane and delightful friend.

But because Lord Grey, who was on the most affectionate terms with his cousin Lord Halifax, though not in sympathy with his ecclesiastical views, adapted himself to all minds, and was by temperament averse from anything in the nature of proselytism, it must not be imagined that he held lightly such religious beliefs as he entertained. On the contrary, he was deeply persuaded that the first principle in a man's life should be worship of God. He did not attempt to define this "great word," as Mach calls it; it never occurred to him that the difficulties and limitations of language could express with scientific precision what the heart of a man feels when he speaks about God; to him the term stood for an inexpressible, inherited, and inalienable feeling of the normal human spirit, and might mean anything the individual liked to think it did mean so long as it expressed an ideal righteousness.[1]

Like Mazzini, he regarded God as a political

[1] I find in his copy of Bolton King's *Mazzini* approval of the idea of God as "the author of all existence, the

necessity. But his happiness and his imagination prevented him from minimising this political necessity to the formula of a working hypothesis. He enjoyed the thought of God too greatly to content himself with any back-of-the-mind abstraction. He saw the existence of God as a necessity, but by the very force of his nature loved the Divine Majesty. Because, so far as I know, he neither formulated a creed nor defined his theological terms, it must not be thought that he was devoid of definite religious emotion. He loved God without professing to understand anything about Him, and he gave expression to this love, not by obedience to any particular ecclesiastical institution, or by the rehearsal of any particular creed, or by seeking to convert other people to his views, but by following the highest ideals of conduct in his own soul and by affectionate service to his fellowmen. No man, I am inclined to think, who really did love God with warmth and enthusiasm,

living, absolute thought, of which our world is a ray and the universe an incarnation." And this, "Christ's was the soul most full of love, of holiest virtue, most inspired by God and by the Future, that men have ever hailed upon this earth."

and who really did endeavour to render loving service to his fellow-men, ever talked less about religion.

Grey perceived that of far more urgency to human life than any enactments of the statute-book are those unwritten laws of man's long experience by which society chiefly regulates its existence. This is to say, that useful as those written laws are which forbid murder and stealing, they are of less service to civilisation than the unwritten laws of society which make for honourable and chivalrous conduct, for a modest spirit, for sympathy, and for loving-kindness. In his eyes the progress of humanity depends infinitely more upon obedience to these unwritten laws than upon acceptance of state morality. He could conceive of no vital progress in life, making for real happiness, unless society rendered a glad allegiance to these highest and unwritten laws of the human conscience.

His rational ground for the conscience was God. I should doubt if in any literal sense he thought the conscience to be the whisper of God, but certainly he did think that in all its monitions and leadings it was moved by the long experience of an evolution only conceivable on the hypo-

thesis of a spiritual destiny. To make the unwritten laws of humanity effective, he felt it to be above all things necessary that men should believe in the Moral Law. "Of Law," says Richard Hooker, "there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world." This ideal righteousness, haunting the mind of man, was for him the witness of a divine presence in the universe; and, without going any deeper into the matter, he was entirely persuaded that all moral principles find their sole logic and their one binding authority in the existence of this Supreme Excellence. It seemed to him, holding these views, simpler to say, to such as cared to talk to him about the subject, that love of God was the beginning of political wisdom. By this he meant love of the highest and the best, the love of truth and beauty and goodness, the love of the child for its father, the love of the heart for its home, the love of the soul for its Lover. He believed in God, in the inspiration of Christ, and in the immortality of the soul.

He was not only averse from the mind of the dogmatist, but the very idea of a dogmatic theology seemed to irritate him. He said that dogmas

had done far more to hinder the progress of the Christian principle than all the onslaughts of atheism. He lamented the long centuries wasted by fruitless theological discussion. He asked one to contemplate how vastly different now would be the state of mankind if, instead of a chronicle of religious wars and theological divisions, the history of the last thousand years had recorded the effort of mankind to obey the simple and definite commands of Christ. He saw everything his soul could conceive of religion in those two greatest commandments, love of God and love of man. He saw in humanity's obedience to those laws the only millennium which could visit the earth. Earnest as he was in his desire for social reform, he held that social reform unsanctified by these two commandments, a social reform inspired solely by a materialistic conception of life, was the greatest possible disaster which could afflict the human race. His whole spirit, so radiant and happy and affectionate, so penetratingly refined, loathed the very idea of materialism. Christianity meant for him the integration of humanity by the principle of unselfish love. The purpose of Christianity was expressed for him in the plea, "Thy will be done in earth as

it is in heaven." The Church's business was to make this will prevail socially, economically, politically.

It is interesting that a man so antipathetic to dogma should nevertheless feel the spell of ecclesiastical architecture and the spiritual qualities of ritual. He told me that all his life he had been what he called a Blue Domer, that is to say, a worshipper of God in the open air; but he confessed that while he had often felt himself moved by the dignity and solemnity of the Catholic ritual, he had very often been chilled by the atmosphere in some of our Protestant churches. "Our churches," he said, "lack a tradition that gives something to Catholic ritual which is very appealing. The dogmas of the Catholics never interested me, but their services have often given me the highest pleasure. I think they have the secret of reverence." He told me that when he was in Canada he made it a part of his duty to attend the services of every variety of church or chapel. This duty became a curious pleasure, and he learned from it how trivial and vain are the differences which separate good men in their worship of God.

He told me with a charming smile, which became

in the end a quiet and delighted laugh, the story of a simple person who was being questioned as to his religion. "Are you a Christian?" he was asked. "No; oh, no!" replied the simple person, with great anxiety, as though repelling an affront; adding with a tone of pride and a slight stiffening of his backbone, "I am a member of the Church of England."

His comment on this story expressed perhaps the soul of his ideas on our subject. He said at the end of his subdued laughter, "He must have been an honest man." Lord Grey never quarrelled with Christians of any school; he always acted throughout his life on the injunction given to him by his father when he went to Harrow: "Keep on good terms with all your fellow-scholars"; but he did deeply feel that the number of those who could with perfect honesty describe themselves as Christians was very small. He thought that in attachment to institutions and in loyalty to traditions, the vast majority of those who profess and call themselves Christians miss the innermost simplicity of the Christian faith. It was his hope that men and women would outgrow their theological loyalties and come to the sole and sufficing loyalty of their

religion, obedience to Christ. He thought that there was a perceptible movement in this direction, and he was glad of it because love of God, as we have said, appeared to him as the foundation of everything in human life, from the domestic courtesies up to the highest wisdom of statesmanship.

He said to me: "I have always thought that the basis for one great and truly national Church will be found in the Co-operative Movement. As I lie here, I see it more plainly than ever before. Christianity has been fighting on an impossible ground. It has had to speak of its love principle in a world organised for the advantage of the strong. The system of commercial competition, with all its inevitable cruelties, is the very negation of Christianity. And yet our State, which is founded on this principle, professes to be founded also on Christianity! Obviously this is nonsense. We talk about a State Church. How can such a State possess a Church? How can we expect democracy to understand Christianity, presented to it by the Church of a State whose whole organisation denies the first principles of that religion? The experiment has been a disastrous failure. In spite of the real devotion

of ministers, and the earnestness and self-sacrifice of a great body of the laity, Christianity has failed to impress itself upon the national life. The State continues on its materialistic way, with charity to mitigate the worst of the sufferings it inflicts, and with religion to give it an appearance of respectability: but it is a State definitely opposed to the conception of a Christian State."[1]

He then spoke to me of his vision of a national Church. So urgent, he considered, to the welfare of the State is a definite acknowledgment of God that he could not bear to think of religion hugging its mediaeval rags about it and hobbling behind the chariot of Mammon, as if it were some old super of the stage still mumbling of his departed glories at the street corner. He wanted religion to be the veritable life of the nation, saving it not only from the cruelties and manifest injustices of the present industrial system, but also from the ugliness, the vulgarity, the coarseness, and the reacting levity of selfish competition. He wanted it to create a higher order of citizen. He refused

[1] "Human conditions are, in fact, ordered mainly on terms which are so manifestly unequal, often so cruel in result, and so socially provocative, that they cannot, except blasphemously, be ascribed to God" (W. Blissard, *The Economic Anti-Christ*).

to separate the spiritual content of Christianity from its social content. In his vision this national Church was not to be an exclusive society of earth-forgetting and heaven-longing people, with its activities limited in chief to one day a week, but to be the joyous expression of the whole nation's faith in all that is highest, most beautiful, and most exalting in man's conception of God, with its soul set upon realising the Kingdom of Heaven here upon earth. It was to inspire the policy of the State and to direct the daily life of the people. It was to be an organisation composed of all those who love the highest, directing its mobilised forces in every parish of the country to destroy the lowest, to help the weakest, and free man's natural inclinations towards the best. It was to create such a real sense of brotherhood in the nation that public opinion would cease to tolerate one of the very least of all those sordid and dreadful things which now disgrace civilisation. But above everything else it was to create so much finer a type of citizen, to multiply in such enormous numbers the chivalrous and kindly gentleman, that legislation against evil would presently cease to be needed. Out of the citizens themselves, with no aid from

magistrate and constable, the ideal State was to rise.

He marked a passage in von Humboldt's treatise, already quoted, which shows, I think, his whole mind on this subject:

> Virtue harmonises so sweetly and naturally with man's original inclinations; the feelings of love, of social concord, of justice, have in them something so dear and prepossessing, those of disinterested effort, of self-sacrifice, something so sublime and ennobling, and the thousand relations which grow out of these feelings in domestic and social life contribute so largely to human happiness, that it is far less necessary to look for new incentives to virtuous action, than simply to secure for those already implanted in the soul a more free and unhindered operation.

He told me that he regarded those humble weavers of Rochdale who in 1844 set the idea of co-operation in movement as the first apostles of this national Church. "For," he said, "it seems to me self-evident that you cannot have an authentic Christian Church where this spirit of co-operation is lacking." He spoke in Bradford at the Church Congress of 1898,[1] on this subject,

[1] It was, I think, at this Church Congress that he amused a friend, with whom he was walking, by stopping in the street to light his cigarette at the pipe of a working-man.

and said of the co-operative movement started by Rochdale weavers in 1844 that it had "spread with a rapidity almost analogous to that witnessed in the case of Christianity itself, no doubt because the principle animating the movement is directly imbued with the Christian spirit." He became more convinced of this as time went on. He said to me that he knew many years must go by before the principle of co-operation won its final victory, but that he knew equally well this great victory would come. He spoke more wistfully of this particular ideal of his than of any other, and although he was a man who did not easily show his feelings it was apparent that here more than anywhere else his heart was set. I think he would have given much to see the realisation of this tremendous ambition.

It is unhappily so usual a thing to associate religion with solemnity that perhaps I may be pardoned for insisting that Lord Grey's religion arose out of his happiness, out of his "radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence." He wanted the workman to take a joy and pride in his work. He hated with all his soul the degradation of toil. "Consider," he exclaimed at the Church Congress, "the lives of thousands of workers under present

conditions. Their only object is to get through the day, just doing enough to earn their fixed wage and avoid dismissal, depressed by the knowledge that they have no part or lot in the profits and responsibilities of the industry to which their labour is devoted. . . . The grossest and most selfish materialism is, as a matter of course, accepted as the basis of all industrial relations." He was fond of quoting the remark of a prominent trade unionist who became a Radical Member of Parliament that "when he was a youth he used to dream that one day industrial arrangements would be such as to cause the worker, when he entered his workshop, to have the same feelings that he was supposed to have when he entered the House of God; and that with the successful application of co-partnership principles to industrial enterprise, he felt his dream was about to be realised." If this is so, said Lord Grey at the Church Congress of 1898, then "I respectfully suggest that the Church, realising as it does the injustice of the present industrial system, which is based on the principle, 'each for himself and the devil take the hindmost,' should throw the great weight of its influence on the side of the co-operative movement, which

has for its inspiring motto, 'Each for all, and all for each.'"

Inspired by faith in the essential dignity of labour, and convinced that responsibility educates human faculties, he very naturally loathed the present industrial system, "competitive covetousness," as it has been called, which not only breeds a bad spirit between capital and labour, but which tends so largely to deaden the minds of the multitude. Against this "grossest and most selfish materialism," he opposed the principle of co-operation, seeking through this principle to create a Christian State of happy, intelligent, and friendly citizens. He believed with his whole heart that the service of God is perfect freedom. He invited the Church to hold "Special Industrial Peace Services, with special prayers, special hymns, and sermons by competent and sympathetic clergymen who are conversant with industrial affairs." He felt it was the duty of the Church to present this ideal constantly before the people. He wanted the idea of co-operation to penetrate the national consciousness. He sought to make this idea of co-operation seem to the public mind not merely a wise method of conducting business, but an essential part of

every man's loyalty to religion. Again and again he pointed out that he had no particular form of co-operation to recommend, but that he insisted on the religious character of the co-operative principle, and so recommended it. It was that principle he desired men to accept, and to accept it as a part of their religion.

At the beginning of his political career he claimed that the Church should be "deprived of its feudal and aristocratic character." He opposed with some warmth, and certainly with a cogent logic, the system which makes every clergyman the religious autocrat of a parish. He expressed sympathy with the idea of John Morley that there would be more neighbourliness and social intercourse in parishes but for a system which seems to relegate to the clergyman the duty of visiting the poor. It was this desire for a greater sense of unity in every parish which made him the advocate of the Church Boards Bill, which sought to admit even Nonconformists to the administration of local Church life. He refused to regard the Church as sacrosanct. He claimed that it was a national organisation to spread English Christianity. He declared that every member of the community was by natural right

a member of the State Church. He would admit no tests of any kind. The Church of England belonged to the English people; it represented their ideas of the Christian religion; it was for them to use it for the victory of the Christian principle in their national life. He was utterly opposed to "the pseudo-righteousness that comes of detaching spiritual energy from social duty."

He said to me, summing up his views on this subject: "I should like to say to all who will listen to me that I see even more clearly than I ever saw before that there is no greater power in life than the power of love. All those men and women who have done most for the world have loved humanity. Love for an institution or for a sect or for a party is of no real avail, and it isn't true love: it must be a God-inspired and self-forgetting love for mankind.[1] If our nation is to rise to a condition of true happiness and true greatness, it must be led by men who love humanity, and its whole life must be inspired by the idea of love. I hope that the sense of brotherhood created by this war will continue when

[1] "He, who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own Sect or Church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all" (Coleridge).

peace is declared. I hope that out of this sense of brotherhood there may come a national Church in which every sect will feel itself to be an essential part, a national Parliament in which every member will feel himself to be solemnly responsible for the moral and material welfare of the people, and a system of industry which will express the great principles of the Christian religion. Love is the only road. Men have tried all manner of other ways, making confusion worse confounded and bringing civilisation perilously near anarchy; but love is still the only road which leads to lasting progress. I see the greatest possible happiness for our nation if the spirit of comradeship which now exists continues to animate the national life after the war. But I see the immediate necessity of much more earnestness and reality on the part of the Church. There are dense masses of people in this country who live in conditions which make it almost impossible for them to understand the principle of Christianity. The Church ought to lead the way out from these conditions. And the Church ought to be the chief advocate of a spirit of brotherhood in trade. Mazzini said that foremost and grandest amid the teachings of Christ were those two inseparable

truths—*There is but one God, and all men are the sons of God.* If the nation acts on those truths there can be no limits to the glory and greatness of these little islands. We shall have, in trade, profit-sharing and copartnership, making an end of lock-outs, strikes, and unrest: round our crowded centres of industry the garden suburb will supplant the slum: and in our Church, instead of theological controversies and the indifference of the laity, we shall have the enthusiasm of an instructed and a happy democracy for beauty and truth. The real grandeur of the Empire is yet to come. When it comes it will be seen to be the grandeur of a people that has obeyed the commands of Christ."

I find in his copy of Mazzini marks of approval against the following passages:

> One and all, like Herder, we demand of the instinct of our conscience, a great religious Thought which may rescue us from doubt, a social faith which may save us from anarchy, a moral inspiration which may embody that faith in action, and keep us from idle contemplation.
>
> . . . the *copartnery* and mutual responsibility of generations.
>
> The sorrowful outcry against the actual generation

raised by genius . . . and so long unregarded or condemned, will be felt to be, what it is in truth, the registered, efficacious protest of the spirit, tormented by presentiments of the future, against a present corrupted and decayed; and we shall learn that it is not only our right but our duty, to incarnate our thought in action . . . it matters little that the result of *our* action be lost in a distance which is beyond our calculation; we know that the powers of millions of men, our brethren, will succeed to the work after us, in the same track—we know that the object attained, be it what it may, will be the result of *all* our efforts combined.

You are *men*: that is to say, creatures capable of rational, social, and intellectual progress *solely through the medium of association*: a progress to which none may assign a limit.

The watchword of the Faith of the future is *association* and fraternal co-operation of all towards a common aim, and this is as far superior to all charity, as the edifice which all of you should unite to raise would be superior to the humble hut each one of you might build alone, or with the mere assistance of lending and borrowing stone, mortar, and tools.

The mariner of Brittany prays to God as he puts to sea: *Help me, my God! my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide!* And this prayer is the true expression of the condition of each one of you, until you find the means of infinitely multiplying your forces and powers of action.

Be your country your Temple. God at the summit; a people of equals at the base.

In the fly-leaf there is a twice-scored reference to p. 812, where I find the following passages are marked in the margin :

But when all these various forms of liberty shall be held sacred, when the State shall be constituted according to the universal will, and in such wise that each individual shall have every path towards the free development of his faculties thrown open before him—forget not that high above each and every individual stands the Intent and *Aim* which it is your duty to achieve, your own moral perfectibility, and that of others, through an even more intimate and extended communion between all the members of the human family, so that the day may come when all shall recognise one sole Law. . . .

"When each of you, loving all men as brothers, shall reciprocally act like brothers; when each of you, seeking his own wellbeing in the wellbeing of all, shall identify his own life with the life of all, and his own interest with the interest of all; when each shall be ever ready to sacrifice himself for all the members of the Common Family, equally ready to sacrifice themselves for him; most of the evils which now weigh upon the human race will disappear, as the gathering vapours of the horizon vanish on the rising of the sun. . . ." [1]

Let not these words, the words of a man whose life and death were holy, and who loved the people and their future with an immense love, ever be forgotten by you, my brethren. Liberty is but a *means*.

[1] Lamennais, *Livre du Peuple*, iii.

Woe unto you and to your future should you ever accustom yourselves to regard it as the *end*!

There is marginal and lineal approval in his copy of Bolton King's *Mazzini* of the following passage on Christianity, which may be taken, I think, as a fair statement of Lord Grey's own attitude towards that faith:

He retained its belief in the omnipotence of the spiritual; its faith in God and in His providential working; its supreme veneration for the character and moral teaching of Jesus; its insistence on moral perfection and not material interest as the end of life; its call to love and sacrifice of self; its belief in immortality; its aspiration to the Church Universal.

George Jacob Holyoake, who wrote on the fly-leaf of one of his pamphlets, "To Earl Grey: Who has done so much for the Elevation of Industry," expresses in a letter approval of four names which Lord Grey had mentioned as the greatest benefactors of democracy. These four names are: Christ, Milton, Mazzini, Darwin.

In a letter to Lord Wantage ("Dear Uncle Bob") he asks him to give some of his profits on certain investments, which he had advised and which (*mirabile dictu*) had turned out well, to several religious and philanthropic causes, among

which he numbered the Dominican Sisters in Rhodesia, "who have given splendid service to the country in the Buluwayo Hospital." He goes on to say: "I hate sacerdotalism and fear the Roman Catholic Church as much as Harcourt, but I shall always stand hat in hand before those Dominican sisters because of the work I have seen them do, real unselfish ministration to those who require their care, wit' :t one thought of self-reward or one attempt . use their opportuniti- for proselytising purposes."

His religion, free of dogma and free of intolerance, may be summed up in two words very often on his lips, "disinterested service." He believed that such service, rendered to humanity and consecrated by love of God, was the very heart and centre of Christianity.

IV
Imperial Unity

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.—MILTON.

LORD MILNER writes to me:

As for my own feelings about Grey, for whose memory I shall always cherish a very strong affection, they cannot, I think—apart from some purely personal and very intimate points, which would not interest the public—be better expressed than in the short tribute to him which appears from the pen of Sir Charles Lucas in the last number of *United Empire*, the journal of the Royal Colonial Institute. Lucas is quite right in describing his life as one of "high aims and no mean achievements." What he did achieve was in fact considerable. He had a record of public service of which any man might be proud. But it is entirely dwarfed by his personality. He was a most lovable and inspiring human being. His sympathies were always with the right things and with big things. He was always on the side of harmony and good understanding, always against discord and disintegration, and against the pettiness of mind and soul which lead to them. And thus, in an almost impalpable way, by what he was rather than by anything he did, he probably contributed as much to promoting unity of spirit among the various peoples of the Empire, and to counteracting estrange-

ment between different classes at home, as any man of his time. He may not fill a great space in the pages of history, but he will nevertheless have exercised a more far-reaching and enduring influence upon the future of our country and the Empire, than many men whose names will be very conspicuous in those pages.

Mr. George Russell ("Æ."), in the letter from which I have already quoted, says of Lord Grey:

He was constantly thinking of others. I know that whenever he came across anything in a book, paper, or pamphlet which he thought would interest me or help me in my own propaganda he would send it along with a note so kind that the letter heartened one more than the book or information he sent. So much did I feel that sweetness of nature that the thought of him has sometimes stayed a naturally reckless pen from pouring out angry things about the country he belonged to in the way it is natural for us Irish to write or speak about our neighbours.

A released Sinn Fein prisoner told me of the affection the governor of his gaol inspired in him, and he said, "Such a man, so kind, so understanding, so sympathetic, if he was sent over to Ireland, would be a danger to the National Movement"; and I said to myself, "He has met somebody with a character like Earl Grey."

I have another friend here whose quills rise instinctively when an Englishman enters the room, and when that Englishman talks about the Empire the quills shoot out; and I remember the way those prickles were laid meeting Grey, and the total good-

nature ever since of references to him. Perhaps some time our statesmen will realise that it is better to use the humane and sympathetic man as ruler or governor rather than the strong-willed man. A Lord-Lieutenant like Earl Grey would have been more useful to Great Britain in Ireland than twenty thousand constabulary.

He concludes: "I retain the impression of a most vivid living kind of man who made you love your kind because he belonged to it."

These tributes from two notable men whose dispositions might seem sharply antagonistic to a shallow observation, help one, I think, to understand the character of Lord Grey's Imperialism. His Imperialism was a part of his humanity. He loved mankind, and longed for them to love life with an intelligent enthusiasm. He saw how men make their own troubles by quarrelling over irrelevancies, how families break up over trivial differences, and how empires fall asunder for want of tolerance and good will. He set himself to minimise all the differences which divide men into parties or sects, and he set himself to magnify those supreme things of human life which draw men into comradeship and weld them into brotherhood.

His love for the British Empire was an expres-

sion of his love for beauty. Mr. Moreton Frewen, who knew him intimately, said to me one memorable afternoon at Howick, leaning against a wreck cast up by the waves on that shelving beach, and looking across the deep blue waters of the North Sea, where British steamers, symbols of British courage and British faith, could be seen on the horizon in spite of German submarines: "Albert loved beauty with all his heart and mind. He loved a beautiful woman: he loved a beautiful horse. But there was never beautiful woman nor beautiful horse in all this wide world could compare in his eyes with the beauty of the British Empire. It was to him the magic beauty of the world. He never had any jingo feeling about it. He hadn't one drop of Junker blood in his body—not one drop. He just loved it as the most beautiful thing under heaven. It was a loveliness that made his nerves quiver at the mere thought of it. You see, Albert had gone all over this Empire. He had breathed its air, fished its rivers, walked in its valleys, stood on its mountains, met its people face to face. He had seen it in all the moods of the world. He knew what it meant to mankind. Under the British flag, wherever he journeyed, he found men of

English speech living in an atmosphere of liberty and carrying on the dear domestic traditions of the British Isles. He saw justice firmly planted there, industry and invention hard at work unfettered by tyrants of any kind, domestic life prospering in natural conditions, and our old English kindness and cheerfulness and broad-minded tolerance keeping things together. But he also saw room under that same flag, ample room, for millions and millions more of the human race. The Empire wasn't a word to him. It was a vast, an almost boundless home for honest men. He had seen with his own eyes its great prairies and veldts, its forests and jungles, its lakes and rivers, its mountains and valleys, its endless leagues of unhandselled land waiting for the plough. It was the wonderful beauty of this illimitable prospect which stirred his imagination and created his fervent love for the Empire. He was proud of the great cities that Britons have built in their Britains beyond the seas, proud of the splendid harbours they have made, proud of the mighty railways they have flung across the wilderness from ocean to ocean, proud of the civilisation they have set up, and proud of their wealth, power, and dominion; but what

gave him his real passion for the Empire, making him love it more than anything else, was the knowledge in his heart that here was room provided for British genius to expand for ever and ever. He knew that so long as Britons keep the ancient faith of their fathers the extension of their rule must work for the benefit of mankind. And he knew that so long as Britons regard themselves as pioneers and explorers the ancient traditions will live in their blood. He loved the Empire. It was for him the supreme achievement of British genius. It sufficed even his enthusiastic nature. He was the greatest lover the Empire has ever had."

I asked Lord Grey what man of all he had ever known had most impressed him. He replied instantly, "Cecil Rhodes." I inquired what qualities in Rhodes had attracted him. He answered, "The bigness of his mind and the tenderness of his heart." He proceeded to tell me that Rhodes was a man of the most tender and sentimental nature, that his uncouthness was worn by him as a protection against those who were always ready to prey upon him, that in reality, under a rough exterior and behind an uningratiating manner, he hid the heart of a child.

Sir Starr Jameson agrees with this judgment. "Rhodes realised as a youth," he tells me, "when his heart was perfectly pure and his mind was filled with idealism, that to achieve his ambition of making Africa a home for the white man he must have money. He was poor and powerless. He set himself to get money. No man can devote himself to such a pursuit, however unselfishly, without suffering some damage. Rhodes did undoubtedly suffer in those years. He lost something which Grey never lost. But I agree with Grey: under all his exterior hardness, and in spite of certain faults which a life of such tremendous concentration is bound to create in character, Rhodes retained an inner tenderness which was the very heart of the man. And money was nothing to him. He sought it for one purpose; he multiplied it with one object in view. I remember Albert Grey telling me of a remark Rhodes made to him which explains the whole object of his life. They were standing together in the Matoppos, looking over a magnificent green valley filled with sunshine. Albert Grey exclaimed at the extraordinary beauty of the view, as well he might. Rhodes said to him, 'I want to see this valley filled with homes,

homes, homes.' You can imagine how Grey responded to that. The two men were of one mind about the Empire. They wanted it to provide homes for men of all nationalities who accepted the British tradition. Rhodes was the greater statesman of the two, and he was a most noble-hearted man; but for single-mindedness and lovableness, of all my friends I should put Albert Grey on top. They made a splendid pair of Englishmen. They were great friends. Rhodes was profoundly attracted by the nobility of Grey's nature, and Grey had an enthusiastic admiration for the strength of Rhodes's character and the breadth of his vision."

Rhodes was a man of one idea. He scarcely ever read a book right through, though he took great pains to form a remarkable library, and he was interested only for short spells in anything outside his work for the Empire. Jameson tells me that he took no trouble with his speeches, and would repeat himself so frequently on the platform that his friends became anxious for his reputation. One day Jameson remonstrated with him on this Bismarckian redundancy. "You can have no idea," he said, "how you go on saying the same thing over and over again."

Rhodes replied, "Leave me alone; I know what I'm about. It's only by repeating yourself that you can get an idea into people's heads." Grey said to me that Rhodes was always giving people a false impression of himself. "On one occasion," he related, "he even deceived his greatest friend, dear Dr. Jim. I had taken Rhodes, who was having his portrait painted, to the studio of G. F. Watts in Holland Park. You knew the Signor? Ah, what a privilege, what a privilege! We arrived early in the morning, before breakfast. The sun was shining, birds were singing in the trees, and there was an exquisite scent in the gardens. Rhodes said to me, 'What fools we are to bother about the Empire! How perfect all this is—how beautiful, how perfect! Why don't we come and live in an Eden like this, struggling no more, simply enjoying the beauty of life?' He was charmed with the Signor. We stayed after breakfast, and the picture made great progress; Rhodes stood to Watts for three hours. From Watts we went to Dr. Jim. After our conversation, Dr. Jim called me back. 'What have you been doing with Rhodes?' he demanded. I asked him what he meant. He replied angrily, 'He has been drinking.' I assured him that he

had had nothing but coffee, and explained where we had been. He burst out at me, 'You fool! do you mean to tell me that you allowed Rhodes to stand for three hours?—stand, with a heart like his?' He was furious with me. I tell you this story to show you how easily Rhodes made a false impression. Even Dr. Jim, his closest friend, imagined from his face and manner that C. J. had been drinking."

I remember a story Watts told me thirteen years ago. He said that after Rhodes's death Grey came to see him one day, asking him to give his famous statue of Physical Energy as a memorial for Rhodes's grave in South Africa. Watts said to him, "But it's unfinished." To which Grey made answer, "So is Rhodes's work."

Grey told me that he learned from Rhodes to conceive of the endlessness of our British destiny and of the catholic character of the British Empire. Rhodes was neither provincial nor racial. He blazed out on one occasion against a politician who had spoken of Briton and Boer, as if they were not both Afrikanders. The Jameson Raid, which nobody deplores more than Jameson himself, who says that instead of getting fifteen months he deserved to have got fifteen

years, was not, as many people suppose, a British move against the Boer people. It was, in its origin, though the actual transaction was blundered (largely by an act of forgetfulness on Rhodes's part), a move of both Briton and Boer against the reactionary and tyrannical policy of President Kruger. It was conceived much more as a British expression of sympathy with the progressive Boer forces in the Transvaal, than as a move of British Imperialism. Rhodes never once in all his life visualised the British Empire as a purely British possession. He had the widest sympathies, and much more admired a good German than a bad Englishman. He had an unshakable faith in English character, loved English traditions, and believed that there was something in the air of England which bred great-hearted and fearless-minded men. But he wanted the British Empire, dominated by this English character, to be the home of all men who loved freedom, followed truth, and sought to advance the welfare of mankind. It was this conception of the Empire which fired the imagination of Grey.

In a letter from Canada to his aunt, Lady Wantage, who shared all his Imperial idealism,

Grey spoke of the grandson of a notorious rebel, French by origin, who had become a Rhodes scholar. "I delight in the thought," he wrote, "that young ——, the grandson of the rebel, may succeed to Lord Cromer's position in Egypt some day, and all through Rhodes Scholarships. How pleased C. J. would have been."

Livingstone said of Africa, "I have opened the door; I look to you that it shall not be closed after me." Grey, who dearly loved pioneers and explorers, was fond of quoting this remark, and would describe Stanley's expedition as an epic that resembled the stories of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. He saw the romance and beauty of the Empire. He desired young Englishmen to feel the spell of this wonderful romance, this incomparable beauty. What had been done in the past was to him a clarion call to achieve even greater things in the future. There was no captain so worthy to be followed, or who promised to gallant youth such splendid rewards, as he on whose banner was inscribed the single word of Duty. If the Empire no longer called for armies to subdue savages or to put down tyrants, it calls ever more passionately for the servants of justice, the knights of chivalry,

and the disciples of love. It is still unfinished, and for ever will remain unfinished.

Why are we, each and all of us (he asked an audience in Canada) so proud of being the loyal and devoted subjects of King Edward the Peacemaker? Not because the British Empire, of which the King is the incarnation, covers one-fifth of the land surface of the world and all the sea, and includes one-fifth of the human race. It is not because of the size of the Empire, or because we are each of us units in a group of over 400,000,000 beings; it is not because of any vulgar consideration of size and numbers that we are so proud of being Britons; it is because wherever the Union Jack flies it stands for Justice, Honour, Freedom, Duty, and Disinterested Service.

Another extract from this same speech makes the spirit of his Imperialism clear and vivid:

May I say this to you without giving offence, that unless each one of you takes an interest both in the history of your country and in the future of your country, unless you have one hand holding on to the traditions of the past and both eyes fixed upon the stars, you are not doing your duty either to your country or your King.

What can you do to help your country? Why, if you women of Montreal would shut the doors of your houses against the men who corrupt the sources of domestic, civic, and national life, in the same way that you exclude from your drawing-rooms the man who cheats at cards; if you would refuse the approval

of your smile to the man who hits below the belt in sport, business, or politics, then the star of Montreal would shine with a brilliancy which would make its radiance felt not only over Canada, but over the United States.

He was for ever sounding this note wherever he went, the note of simple honour and rejoicing high-mindedness. Everything depended in his view on character. England had come to imperial greatness by the force of character: her Englishness, which had conferred such immense benefits on mankind, rose out of a noble view of duty; to maintain her imperial greatness and to extend the benefits of her civilisation she must for ever guard her character against the contagion of the world. Selfishness, breeding slothful ease, was the enemy.

A Canadian lady who knew him very well writes to me:

As I understood him, the British Empire was to stand in the world as an attitude of mind, a great moral force that would be invincible, rather than millions of square acres and inhabitants with their corresponding wealth and physical power. When Lord Grey came to Canada we were on a great wave of financial prosperity, with all the attendant evils of rapidly acquired fortunes unaccompanied by any educated sense of responsibility. He saw that we

had not advanced beyond the initial stages of Imperialism. . . . His Governor-Generalship was a most happy combination of the office and the man. It lay completely within the jurisdiction of the former that the peculiar gifts of mind and heart of the latter should be applied to rousing Canada to a sense of the greatness of her destiny as a full co-partner of Empire. One might as well have tried by a wave of the hand to shut out the breeze of heaven from blowing over our prairie provinces, as tried to curb Lord Grey's eager spirit from breathing his ideals into the Canadian people.

Every speech he made, whether before important bodies of men, to University students, or to gatherings of children in convent or schoolhouse, pointed in the same way to the Imperial cause that lay at their doors waiting for their help to bring it nearer its goal.

The warmth of his voice, its wonderfully vibrating quality, had a very moving effect. For instance, I remember being struck by a hardened politician, of the real manipulator type, a narrow, selfish, anti-Imperialist, saying to me, "I had never heard any one give the toast of His Majesty in a way that made me think what it meant, or feel the least tremor of emotion, until I heard His Excellency say, 'The King!' The rich tone of his voice made me feel the loyalty that was filling his heart, and it made it very affecting to drink the King's health with him."

She speaks of the brilliant and animated dinner parties under his *régime*, where every man was made to feel himself an honoured guest and "each woman that she was looking charming and that

he only wished himself the pleasure of sitting beside her" ; and she says :

> If there was anything he could do or say that would brighten a life and bring interest into it, the opportunity was never allowed to escape. That happiness must be productive of good, and that with rare exceptions an enlarged outlook must follow it, was part of the creed of happiness of which Lord Grey was the truest of apostles. The glowing warmth of his nature, his wide human sympathy, and his tenderness of heart, made even the shy and awkward quickly give him their confidence. . . . He surrounded people with such a sense of intimacy that almost unconsciously they would let him see into their lives in an extraordinary way. His questions were often amusing in their open directness.
>
> Just as he delighted in trying to help those in humble positions to know a pride and joy in their work, so he delighted in trying to broaden the interests and pursuits of those who had the means to cultivate them.

There is no doubt that Canada was the crown of his career. He told me with an affectionate emphasis that he had "loved every minute" of his reign. It was here for the first time that his Imperialism had room to move. He was free of party strife : he was no longer, as he had been in South Africa, the administrator of a province emerging out of crisis : he was the representative

of his sovereign in a mighty dominion whose material progress had been the greatest Imperial achievement of recent years. Here was opportunity for his idealism. He set himself, with the help of the best Canadians, to fight the dragon of materialism. He was the English St. George, the Paladin of Empire, warring against all those things which hurt the soul of man. I have seen numbers of his letters addressed to Lady Wantage during his reign in Canada. Lady Wantage was not only an affectionate aunt and a wise friend, but an Imperialist after his own heart, to whom he could without fear of misunderstanding pour out all the longings of his soul for the greatness and peace of his beloved Canada. These long and numerous letters, glowing with patriotism, will no doubt form a very important part of his biography. Nothing said or written by Lord Grey is more revealing. The limitations of my subject and my space forbid me, unfortunately, to make extracts from these letters, which really deserve a volume to themselves. I can but say that they show him as at once the passionate lover of Canada and also as her anxious, wise, and affectionate friend. He is never afraid of her industrial progress or her material welfare;

indeed, he sees no frontiers to the courage, invention, and labour of her splendid people; but he anxiously watches over every movement on the part of this young giant to achieve the highest things of civilisation. He tells Lady Wantage of all his schemes for bringing French and British together, of his audacious ambition to celebrate by a royal pageant on the Plains of Abraham the tercentenary of Canada's birth, and of the magnificent success, in spite of overwhelming difficulties, of his great ambition. I remember how he took me up into the battlements of the Citadel at Quebec, where one looks down upon the St. Lawrence winding in majestic curves to the ocean, and spoke to me of the inspiration of men like Wolfe, and the meaning of the Plains of Abraham to every man who speaks the English language. He was like a prophet who looks back in order to encourage faith in the future. He writes home asking his friends in England to send him silken banners of St. George and the Dragon, that they may hang in the colleges and schools of the country, proclaiming the mission of the British Empire.[1] He sought to establish a register

[1] "If these Banners, hanging like silent sermons on the walls of colleges, make their message felt here and there,

for the recording of heroic deeds and unselfish acts among the children of Canada. He encouraged by means of festivals the arts of music and the drama, going long journeys to assure the social success of these functions. His letters are full of schemes for developing the artistic side of the Canadian consciousness. He wants this great nation to love music, and dancing, and painting, and architecture. He writes home concerning Canadian authors whose works have pleased him and to whom he himself has written with generous encouragement. He asks Lady Wantage to see that Canadian friends of his on a visit to London are introduced to the best people—by whom he meant, of course, the people who believe in duty and serve humanity with love and intelligence. He writes with ardent gratitude of Lady Grey's work in Canada, calling her "Queen Elsie," and sending back articles from Canadian newspapers describing her admirable influence in Canadian social life. His daughters are "perfectly splendid A.D.C.'s," and he thanks God that he is blessed

and convert one Hooligan out of 10,000 into a Hero, and one Scalawag out of 100,000 into a Saviour, they will more than justify their cost and all the heart and labour put into their design and execution."—Extract from a letter to Lady Wantage.

with children who love to serve the highest ideals. The magnificence of Canadian scenery moves him to write pages of the most enthusiastic description. People in England, he says, have no idea of the vastness and splendour of this most glorious dominion. He writes of men who have done tremendous things in commerce or philanthropy with almost a shout of joy. "What a future!" is his constant exclamation. And then in the midst of it all comes a passage like this:

> Our Parson read us instead of a sermon an appeal signed by the twenty Bishops of Canada for funds to enable the Church of Canada to evangelise Japan. If I were not G. G. I would more readily subscribe to a fund for sending Japs to preach the gospel of Bushido to Canada. . . . The practice of tampering with the Ballot Boxes which is common in some parts of the U.S. showed its ugly head in Ontario last year. The offenders have escaped out of Canada, but it shall not be my fault if they are not caught and sent back here, and punished as heavily as the law will allow. This tampering with the sovereignty of the People is, if unpunished, worse than the assassination of a Monarch—for a Monarch can be replaced, but as soon as men lose faith in one another Anarchy comes knocking at the door.

He had the best opinion of Canada and the confidence of Canadian democracy at his back,

in everything he attempted for the moral progress of the great Dominion. His influence made for honesty in politics, unselfishness in civic life, refinement in social life, a greater feeling of friendship among all classes, and a deeper, truer, more exalting apprehension of British Imperialism. No Governor-General was ever more widely loved in Canada than this very gallant clean-minded gentleman, who never wounded the feelings of a single Canadian and yet honestly faced the dangers of Canadian prosperity, and fought materialism with all the courage of an idealist but with all the consideration of a fine and sensitive spirit.

Canada was the crown of Grey's career: it is also the best illustration that can be found of his Imperialism. He visited during his lifetime almost every part of the Empire, and had nearly as great an enthusiasm for the extraordinary prosperity of Australia, where he was received as something of a hero, as for the glory of Canada. He never doubted that Africa would become a white man's country, and he believed that Rhodesia would some day come to be one of the greatest agricultural communities in the world. But it was in Canada that he demonstrated

Imperialism as a living thing. It was there that he enabled men to see the spiritual character of true Imperialism. During the seven years of his commission he was in the eyes of Canada an incarnation of British Imperialism, no bagman of Empire, no militaristic jingo shaking his mailed fist in the eyes of the world; not this, but a very perfect knight, accomplished in all courtesy, sanctified by a noble vow, and irradiated by an inward happiness born of faith in the goodness of human nature and the destiny of English character.

It was the desire of Lord Grey in the last weeks of his life that all the subjects of the King-Emperor, whom War has now baptized into a sacred brotherhood, should most earnestly contemplate, before Peace comes with its critical problems of reconstruction, the best means of achieving for their wonderful Empire a definite political unity. He knew that a spiritual unity exists, and he trusted to this intangible bond of sympathy long to hold the Empire together in a sense of comradeship. He never, so far as I know, entertained a single panic fear of disruption. But he did most seriously believe that it would assure the peace of the world, advance the best interests

of mankind, and make the quickest end of those social and industrial evils which afflict the crowded cities of the Mother Country, disgracing our English civilisation, if this great Empire formed itself into a political whole.

Few pages in his biography, I venture to think, will more redound to his honour and intelligence, than those which relate his fruitless efforts to bring the two warring parties of the United Kingdom into a common agreement concerning Ireland.[1] In the 'eighties, he told me, he did everything he could with Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill; but in vain. After his return from Canada he renewed these offices in other quarters not less exalted, and with a greater earnestness born of his faith in the federal solution. I have seen some of the documents of this latter transaction, and one day men may be surprised to know who it was that invited and

[1] Only absorption in the Irish Convention has prevented Sir Horace Plunkett from making a contribution to this essay. "At the present moment," he writes to me, "I am over-burdened with the work of this Convention, and feel utterly incapable of doing what you ask me in a manner worthy of him to whose memory all who knew him would wish to contribute of their best." Lord Grey, who loved Ireland and the Irish, had an enthusiastic admiration for his work.

urged Lord Grey to rescue the Irish Question from the miserable blunders of party faction. The fault was not his that he failed. He said to me with real regret that only stupidity had beaten him. Both parties were to blame. On the Liberal side there was a bigoted determination to stick to the Ministerial Bill, in the same illogical and immoral spirit which cries, "My country right or wrong." On the Unionist side there was only a desire to smash Mr. Asquith. Lord Grey told me that one of the Unionists he approached said to him, "Don't interfere, my dear fellow; I assure you it's all right. We've got the old devil on his back, he's showing the silver of his belly, and we'll have the gaff in him before a month has gone by." There was no intelligent desire on either side to settle this most urgent and serious question. There was no patriotism; there was no real morality.

Lord Grey sought to give peace to the centre of the Empire by what is called the Federal solution. It is a method of government which has worked admirably in Canada and Australia, and which is the secret of the unity of the United States. He desired to give local parliaments to all the parts of the United Kingdom, if necessary

a local parliament to Ulster, and to have one great Federal Parliament in London. His first object was to settle the Irish Question, which is a source of danger to England throughout the whole Empire and also in the United States. But he had a second object in view. He believed that Federalism would solve the political problem of the Empire. He saw in the London War Conferences of the Dominion Ministers a shadowing-forth of the accomplishment of his ideal. He believed in his last days that this consummation was at hand. It appeared to him that nearly everything for which he had striven in life was now being won for the Empire, and it was with no fanatical anxiety, certainly with no bitterness, rather with a quiet and satisfied confidence, that he recommended to his countrymen for the last time this great Imperial idea of Federalism.

"What we need in England," he said to me, "is a more vivid awareness of the Empire. I wanted for this purpose a Dominion House on the Aldwych site. I wanted to set up in the centre of London, which possesses nothing whatever of the kind, a magnificent symbol of the Empire. Imagine the feelings of an Englishman standing on Westminster Bridge (after we have cleared

away that horrible iron structure of the South Eastern Railway) looking eastward over the beautiful arches of Waterloo Bridge, and seeing in the very centre of that splendid curve a great temple, dominating everything else, which proclaimed to him the majesty and dominion of the British Empire. If I had been a German, and had gone with this idea to the Kaiser, every telephone bell in the palace would have been ringing in five minutes, and the thing would have been accomplished. But here there is such lack of imagination. People talk of the difficulties of doing things. They prefer to go along in smooth ruts. 'The Empire will take care of itself. Let it grow. There's no use hurrying these matters.' And so on. But it is just because they don't know what the Empire is that they don't realise the need for bringing home its existence to the imagination of their fellow-countrymen."

He spoke to me of the need, our English need, of a more intelligent realisation of the Empire as a power by which most of our social problems might be solved. "It is because the country refuses to call in the Empire," he said, "that those problems exist. We are dealing locally

with things which require more than local remedies. If we would increase wages, shorten hours of toil, brighten our dismal cities, and sweep away all our hideous and disgracing poverty, we must consider ourselves as part of a vast Empire, whose wealth, if we will but see it, is a magic wand of prosperity. There need be no poverty and overcrowding if we make intelligent use of the Empire. That Empire contains all the raw materials for manufacture and has fields wide enough to grow plentiful food for the whole world. It is only because we do not realise this fact that we do not make use of it. To realise it, and so get rid of our problems, we must form ourselves into a political whole. We must have, with full local autonomy for all the parts, an Imperial Senate at the heart of the Empire legislating for the welfare of the whole commonwealth. I cannot understand how men shut their eyes to the wisdom of this idea. Every day invention brings all the parts of our Empire closer together. In point of mileage, Quebec is nearer to London than it is to Vancouver. There is no difficulty now, and there will be still less by and by, in getting from one part of the Empire to another. Why shouldn't the Ministers of all

these various parts meet together in London to advance the prosperity of the whole? It will come; it is bound to come; but people in England ought to be thinking about it now, with enthusiasm, with hope, with ardent patriotism. That's the way to achieve greatness. Any fumbling or faint-heartedness in such a matter would be a disgrace to England after a war like this. Encourage every subject of the king to feel himself one of a band of brothers. Strive for Imperial unity. Keep hammering away till the British Empire is made one and indivisible. Fashion it as a power for the peace and happiness of mankind such as the world has never known. That's our British destiny. Never trust a single statesman who doesn't realise it."

I gathered from him that he desired in these last words on Federalism rather to rouse the imaginations of Englishmen to a realisation of true Imperialism than to commend any particular plan for securing federal unity. I gathered, too, that his view of Imperialism looked far forward to the ideal consummation of Anglo-Saxon unity. He had a Shakespearean adoration for the beauty of England, and a Shakespearean confidence in the great qualities of English character. He

regarded the majestic grandeur of the United States as an achievement of our home-bred, island-cradled English genius. Mr. F. S. Oliver's brilliant essay on Alexander Hamilton was one of his favourite books, and the first piece of literature that gave him a definite enthusiasm for federalism. He had closely followed the amazing history of the United States from the days of Washington to Lincoln and knew how the British mind of that great gentleman, Alexander Hamilton, had laid the political foundation of America's abundant prosperity. It delighted him to give back to the American President, through his affectionate friend, Mr. J. H. Choate, a picture of Benjamin Franklin which one of his ancestors had taken prisoner in the American War and carried to Howick. He never neglected any opportunity to deepen and domesticate the good feeling between England and the United States. He said to me that the greatest blessing which could befall the human race would be the solidarity of all English-speaking races. During the Boer War he wrote an article for the *North American Review* in which he claimed that political idealism had its righteous part in that dreadful struggle, and in which he prophesied its almost incredible end :

Imperial Unity

An intuition thrills the Anglo-Saxon world that the federation of South Africa on the basis of equal rights to Boer and Briton, which will follow the war, is only the precursor of the federation of Canada, Australia, and South Africa with the British Empire, and, in the fulness of time, of the federation of the whole English-speaking race.

He said to me in his last days that he felt it to be the greatest mistake of his life that he had not founded a Federal League on his return from Canada and devoted all his time to achieving its ends. "I might have helped to get the Irish Question settled; I might have done something to federate the Empire; and I might have gone a step towards Anglo-Saxon unity—the greatest of all political consummations." He spoke about nationalism as "a vicious principle," meaning by that rather ambiguous term, I would suppose, what is more clearly expressed by the term *particularism*. He hated anything merely tribal and provincial. His desire was for the brotherhood of humanity, the federation of the world, and he believed that the straight road to this goal lay through the federation of the Empire and through Anglo-Saxon unity.

At a dinner in America, during 1910, he made a speech in which the following passage occurred:

Imperial Unity

The hope that filled the great heart of Cecil Rhodes with fond imaginings was that one day the English-speaking peoples of the world—of your Republic and of the free democracies of the British Empire—would be joined together as co-workers for world purposes in a great Anglo-Saxon consolidation, strong enough perhaps to stop unnecessary wars, and powerful and high-minded enough to lead the nations in the march of progress and reform. In this hope Cecil Rhodes founded his scholarships. He reverently prayed that they might one day prove an effective stepping-stone to the attainment of that Anglo-Saxon consolidation which would appear to be the chief hope of suffering humanity.

He insisted again and again in his American speeches that "although living under different forms of free and enlightened government, we are, so far as the real big things of this world are concerned, practically one people." Even in his mortal extremity, and in spite of pain which from time to time interrupted his speech, he spoke to me with a ring in his voice of these real big things which, deeply realised and enthusiastically taken to heart, make for the whole world's peace, progress, and prosperity. "It is the little things of life," he said vexatiously; "the trivial and trumpery things, which keep men apart."

Lord Bryce, who knew him in England and was

in contact with him in America, writes for me the following tribute :

Lord Grey was an almost unique figure in our public life, of a nature open and simple, candid and truth-loving, unaffected and unfailing in its kindliness. He had a sort of genius for attracting affection and inspiring confidence, and the old expression, applicable to few, was eminently applicable to him—He never made an enemy or lost a friend. To know him intimately was to love him. To know him in politics was to admire and respect his purity and unselfishness of purpose, his high public spirit, his devotion to good causes.

The post of a Governor-General in a great self-governing Dominion is both less easy and more important than is commonly supposed. A tactful and genial representative of the Crown can do much to make the Crown and England popular, and so to strengthen the ties which bind the Dominion to the Mother Country. This Lord Grey did with unsurpassed success. Such a Governor can also effectively help forward public business without ever trespassing on the province of his Ministers. In this respect also Lord Grey was excellent ; and to me it is a pleasure to acknowledge how constantly thoughtful and helpful he was whenever negotiations with the United States were in progress during his long term of office.

The growing friendship and mutual understanding of the people of the United States and the people of Canada, a most happy and blessed change from the suspicion and jealousy of former days, owes a great deal to him, not only in respect of what he did at

Ottawa, but also by the personal impression which the warmth of his heart and the elevation of his mind made upon all Americans, every private company and every public audience, wherever he travelled south of the Canadian border. Being then in America, I had many occasions to see this, and was not surprised, for those were the qualities which had impressed those comrades of his in the parliament of 1880, of whom few are now left.

His enthusiasm caught one up and carried one away. He was the most cheerful of companions, always fresh and gay and hopeful, fulfilling the apostolic precept of thinking no evil, for his own goodness made him expect goodness everywhere, retaining to his latest years the ardour and buoyancy of youth.

No more beautiful or lovable character has adorned our generation, or borne more worthily the tests of long life and high office.

In conclusion of this matter, I should like to say that Lord Grey, though he sometimes uttered a bitter word about the stupidity of our party politicians, never once blamed British democracy for its lack of Imperial imagination. This brings me to another section of his last message. But before proceeding further I feel it right to say that Lord Grey entered with a most perfect sympathy into the mind of Labour, saw how difficult it was, nay how almost impossible, for Labour to realise the meaning or even the advantage of Empire,

and felt how smooth would be the path of Federalism, and all other forms of Imperial progress, if Labour in this country received from the State those material benefits which it so richly deserves and which it has so nobly won.

A friend of his writes to me: "I have seen Lord Grey very angry, but over comparatively small things, and in anything that went further than the moment his generous nature invariably sought excuses for the things that had roused his anger. I have never known him attribute low motives to men or women for their actions or opinions, and when forced through direct evidence to recognise that these did really exist, he would do so with obvious pain, and explain that it was so merely from lack of understanding. He looked for the best, he believed the best, and when disappointed he was quick to forgive. I remember once saying to him in regard to something I felt very strongly about, 'I shall never forgive that'; with a look of pity not easy to forget, he said to me, '*Then God help you.*'"

Lady Wantage said to me, "One of his great qualities was faith in the goodness of human nature. Where he gave his affections, he saw no fault." I asked her if it is a good thing to have

the critical faculty so suspended. She replied, "It made him very attractive." No demagogue, I am sure, ever had greater faith in the virtues of democracy, or more confidently waited for democracy to inherit its kingdom. He had given his affections to mankind.

V

A Note by Mr. F. S. Oliver

In his farewell address to his soldiers he [Washington] entreated them to go forth as missionaries among their fellow-citizens, preaching the gospel of union and a strong government . . . his chief concern was not a temporary triumph, but an ultimate security.—F. S. OLIVER (*Alexander Hamilton*).

MR. F. S. OLIVER, who was one of Lord Grey's intimate friends, has kindly written the following note, mainly, at my request, on Federalism :

The central principle of Lord Grey's Federal faith is contained in a quotation which he was fond of inscribing on his numerous gifts of books and engravings : " What is my country ?—The Empire is my country ; England is my home." I think the truth is that the actual mechanism of anything did not attract but rather repelled his intelligence. He found it irksome to concentrate upon clauses and subsections of a concrete plan. It was the spirit and the general grandiose projection which appealed to his imagination and fired his enthusiasm—the spirit of union among the British race throughout the world ; the constitutional architecture which alone, in his view, could give this spirit an abiding home.

This much I think I can say with confidence, and without the fear that I am putting my own thoughts into his mouth, viz. that he saw in his mind's eye : (1) an Imperial Parliament, representative of the Commonwealth of British Nations, which would be

charged with the defence of the whole empire, and which would be clothed with powers necessary to that end; (2) a United Kingdom Parliament which would be charged with those affairs which are the common concern of the three kingdoms; and (3) national or kingdom legislatures, which would be responsible for the internal affairs of England, Scotland, and Ireland. As to the third, I think he was a good deal influenced, on the one hand by the desire to see social experiments attempted with more boldness than is possible in our present single, over-worked, and over-responsible parliament, and on the other hand by the conviction that social experiments, in order to yield the best results, must be made with knowledge of the special conditions and in sympathy with the local traditions and genius of the various races.

I have dwelt upon the Imperial or Federal side of his interests for the reason that you asked me to do so; but as you very well know these problems only occupied a portion of his activities during the past ten years. It was part of his charm, and a cause also of his influence, that he was accessible on so many sides. The graver sort of people—especially those who occupied themselves in political dialectics—were always ready to tell you that his ideas were impracticable. This, I think, meant, not so much that they were really impracticable, as that they were open at many points to argumentative attack. Oddly enough I don't think his projects produced this feeling of impracticability nearly so much upon the business mind as on the political or parliamentary mind. For all his projects were directed to the building up, the simplification, or the combining of

things with a view to future developments. His actual *plans*, such as they were, for carrying out his ideas and projects, may not always, or even very often, have been of a kind likely to bring them to fruition; but a remarkably large proportion of the ideas and projects themselves were fertile seed, and may be discovered coming up hardily over the field of public affairs throughout the Empire.

For all his light-hearted and laughing way of making proselytes, there was nothing of levity in the gospel which he preached. The intensity of his belief in all the articles of his faith might occasionally be doubted by people who associate deep conviction only with solemnity and a lack of the sense of humour. But this was a very superficial judgment. He had in a remarkable degree the power of tolerating opposition with good humour, and of laughing at himself, without losing a jot of his faith. And what is more, he thought hardly at all of himself except to laugh at himself; his thoughts centred round his ideas and not round himself; not only did he seek no rewards for himself, but he did not even seek power; he would much rather others had the power as well as the glory, providing only they would help forward his ideas. He always struck me as one of the least self-seeking men I have ever known in public life. Whether, if he had possessed a stronger personal ambition, he would have done more to advance his projects is another matter. I doubt it. He was not built that way. One great reason of the influence which he undoubtedly exercised in the Dominions and at home was the simplicity and selflessness of his enthusiasm. Another was his invariable habit of judging people at their best and not at their worst,

giving them the utmost benefit of any doubt, and rating their virtues at their own valuation—even, in some cases, far above it. By this chivalrous attitude, which was instinctive with him, he won support for his projects in the most unexpected quarters; and I think it may be said truly of him that he made many men conscious of their better natures which had for long been overlaid by worldly pursuits and ambitions.

VI
Social Comradeship

The wrong that produces inequality; the wrong that in the midst of abundance tortures men with want or harries them with the fear of want; that stunts them physically, degrades them intellectually, and distorts them morally, is what alone prevents harmonious social development.—HENRY GEORGE.

"I'VE had two great passions in my life," he told me, "the Empire and the welfare of the working classes. The Empire has been my religion. I believe that it contains the world's greatest promise of peace. And I think it can settle all our domestic problems. Rescue this vast Empire from being at the disposal of our party system, give our working classes an intelligent conception of what it means, and you'll transform the political conditions here at home."

He explained to me what had first brought him to take up the question of co-partnership. "When I began, all such things as these were unpopular: they were out in the cold. There was something in my nature which prevented me from pushing against yielding doors. I was a bit of a fighter. I rather liked playing a lone hand. I remember

Sir William Harcourt tried to make me tractable. He used to call me the Whigling. A lot of people have laughed at me. Gladstone tried to subdue me. If I had played my cards better I might have had anything I asked for. But Toynbee and Mazzini had saved me from the game of party politics. I saw that professional politicians were only fiddling with our national life. I felt that the greatest of all needs was a principle which would steer between State Socialism and Individual Anarchy. I wanted something that would restore to the Englishman his old joy in craftsmanship, his old pride in self-dependence, his old glad loyalties to king and country. Reading and reflection brought me to the conviction that co-operation is the life motive of society. I saw that it was the only way to get rid of division. If this great principle could be introduced into our national life, I saw that it would destroy the tremendous dangers of competitive industrialism and give a fresh impetus to our British skill and intelligence. And so I left the politicians to go on with their party game, and went out into the wilderness as a disciple of Mazzini. That's more than thirty years ago now. A change has taken place since those days. The

wilderness has become a garden city. All my outsiders, 100 to 1 chances, have become first favourites. Democracy is approaching the Promised Land."

His central thought in this matter of co-partnership was inspired by his realisation that the term Labour stands for men and women. "The mistake of the Cobdenites," he told me, "was that they forgot human nature: they thought they had got to deal with a problem of Euclid." Lord Grey loved his fellow-men, felt for them, and trusted them. He never doubted the essential righteousness of the English working classes. He said that you could always with absolute confidence appeal to an Englishman's sense of justice and fair play. When an unjust strike occurred, he did not throw up his hands and damn democracy: he set himself to discover how the industrious and honest-hearted English workman had been driven to this foolish remedy for his grievances. He found the cause in the working man's housing conditions, in his exhausting hours of toil, in his mind-deadening struggle to support his family, and, above all, in his lack of hope. He determined that he would do everything in his power so radically to change

these most unnatural conditions that English nature, with all its noble qualities of kindness and good-will, with its instinctive sense of justice and fair play, should have free room to expand in joy and confidence.

In his copy of Godin's *Solutions Sociales* I find marginal marks against a few passages which may be translated in this fashion :

It was those traces of servitude which still stain present-day labour, that I resolved to lessen about me as far as it was possible.

Wealth is the blood of nations : there is congestion if it all bears upon one point of the social body, and atrophy or paralysis for those members that are deprived of it.

But the hatred of evil is not always the knowledge of good, and therein lie the failings of communism.

By uniting human faculties in one single alliance, under the rule of Association, there rises a new social state founded on Order, Justice, and Liberty.

Man should no longer exploit man. The powers and the gifts of all should converge to a general end—the common welfare. Each man's efforts should receive their individual reward, and antagonisms disappear in a fruitful emulation.

" My idea," he told me, " was to establish in

England a democracy based on the idea of duty. I began with a national Church, I might almost call it a civic Church, a Church, I mean, that really belonged to the people, in which everybody who paid his bob should feel a sense of pride and ownership. I set myself dead against the exclusive spirit of the clergy. I wanted every Englishman to feel that his Church, standing for the Christian principle, was his inheritance. I knew that if once we could get democracy to take possession of the Church its whole character would be changed to the national advantage. The religion of the Church would then become the religion of humanity. The idea of brotherhood would become a reality. There would be a feeling throughout the nation that religion really meant something. From one end of the kingdom to the other you would have enthusiasts for humanity preaching to the people on the subject of duty. The pulpit would become the voice of England—the voice of her social conscience. Rhodes used to say at one time that there was only this life; but even then, before he had come to feel that perhaps there was something after death, he said that the mind of man responded naturally to the call of duty. Duty is one of our

grandest words. Give democracy a chance to hear it, and democracy will always be true to the highest ideals.

"Well, after the idea of a truly national Church, I came to the idea of co-operation—the principle of co-operation as a cure for all the frightful mess which modern industrialism has made of English life. It expressed my views on justice. It represented my idea of Christianity. I used to discuss it with Bishop Westcott. He was all out in favour of it. I became in my ineffective way an enthusiast for this principle—an enthusiast because with all my heart I hated the hideousness of modern life and longed for the return of English joy and happiness and beauty. I am certain of this—*character is poisoned by self-interest.* I don't care how good a man is, when it is in his interest to cut down wages or to give as little of his skill as he can, that man will infallibly lose his sense of justice: he'll deteriorate. Give him another principle: make him feel that he owes a duty to his fellow-men, convince him that he is responsible for the welfare of others, and all that is good in that man's nature will grow and expand. The principle of co-operation makes for this condition. It draws the whole community together. It

breaks down barriers. It unites the State. It gives hope to the humblest toiler. And it strengthens the great moral idea of duty, without which no State can endure. Bob Cecil is on the side of co-partnership. He has made some rattling good speeches on the subject. Keep your eye on him: he's one of the few politicians who understand that politics are concerned with the soul. Why aren't there more like him? Why isn't everybody working for the good of the State? Everything else is trivial and second-rate."

In one of his speeches, Lord Grey said that with the possible exception of Sir Horace Plunkett there was no man living whose record he would sooner have as his own than Mr. Henry Vivian, who for so long has been the most energetic force in the co-partnership movement. This movement has for its objects in Lord Grey's own words:

(1) To secure industrial peace.

(2) To promote industrial efficiency.

(3) To raise wages to the highest point which the industry can afford.

(4) To ennoble and dignify the status of the manual worker.

He stated the position as it exists at present in words which no one will dispute:

The great fact with which we are confronted in the industries of to-day is that Labour and Capital are organised not in one, but in opposing camps, with the object not so much of promoting the common well-being of all connected with industry, as of securing whatever advantage can be obtained in the prosecution of their common industry, for themselves. The members of each camp consequently regard each other with distrust and suspicion. The capitalist is inclined to give the minimum that is necessary to secure the labour which he requires, and the worker in return considers that all that should be required from him is the minimum of labour which will save him from dismissal.

The existence of this mutual hostility and suspicion generates an atmosphere most unfavourable to the growth of that spirit of content and of mutual sympathy and of active and cheerful helpfulness, on the existence of which the prosperity of industry and the happiness of all connected with it depend.[1]

He then gave the grounds of his hope for the victory of co-partnership :

The problem then before us is how to organise our industry on lines the fairness of which will be generally admitted. Fair play is the keynote of our British

[1] In *The Economic Anti-Christ* it is pointed out that a man's labour is of all goods the most perishable, while money has a *time value* in the hands of capital and can be kept without depreciating. The consequence is that Labour habitually feels itself to be at the mercy of Capital, and cannot be brought to believe that Capital, as it is at present organised, ever pays a just wage.

character, and I am satisfied, if employers and employed are properly approached, that wherever a feeling of mutual sympathetic regard exists between them, they will both be prepared to consider fairly and to meet fully, each other's just requirements. This is the belief on which we build our hopes of the future greatness of this country. Remove this belief, and the outlook is one of blackest gloom.

I am aware there are men in both the ranks of employers and employed who are purely selfish, and who have no consideration for the rights and requirements of others. These men are a small minority, and form the class which ex-President Roosevelt has defined as that of undesirable citizens.

Regard to the general interest requires that undesirable citizens, who do not hesitate to sacrifice the community to their own assumed self interest, shall be compelled to conform their practices to the necessities of the State.

He defined what he meant by co-partnership in the following words :

In order that I may not be misunderstood, let me explain what I mean by the principle of co-partnership. That principle demands that any surplus profits which may remain after standard wages and fixed interest on capital have been paid, should be divided in equitable proportions between Capital and Labour ; and that the workers, by being allowed to invest their profits in the business which employs them, should acquire the rights which belong to other shareholders.

It would be easy to fill many pages of this book

with the examples furnished by Lord Grey to demonstrate the success of this principle. He was intimately acquainted with the work of Lord Leverhulme at Port Sunlight, with Sir George Livesey's pioneer work in gas companies, with the work of the Rowntrees in York, and with the great achievements of co-operative societies throughout the country. A few of his examples must suffice in this place, taken from a speech at the Mansion House in 1912 :

> The way in which the principle of co-partnership can be applied to industrial enterprise admits of infinite variety. In some cases the surplus profits are divided between wages, interest, and custom, in some cases between wages and custom without any share going to interest, and in some cases between wages and interest without any share going to custom.
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> As an example of a co-partnership industry which divides all surplus profits that may remain after 5 per cent has been paid on capital between custom and labour, one pound of purchase counting for as much in the division as one pound of wage, let me refer to the well-known Hebden Bridge Fustian Works. I commend to all interested in co-partnership questions a close study of this industry. Started by working men in 1870, it has built up on lines of permanent success a flourishing business, and is making sufficient profits to enable it to divide 9d. in the pound on Trade Union rate of wages, and the same amount on purchases. The steady progress of this manufactur-

ing industry over a period of forty-two years; the recognition by Trade Unionist management of the right of capital to receive an annual dividend of 5 per cent, and the resolute way in which they have written down the capital of £8,000 invested in land, buildings, and machinery, to £1,680, notwithstanding that a less conservative policy would have increased the sum available for bonus to wages, all go to show how practicable are co-partnership principles when they are applied by all concerned to productive enterprise in the right spirit.

He referred to Mr. Thomson's Woollen Mills at Huddersfield, where co-partnership was established in 1886:

It is frequently stated that in an industry where men are paid by piecework or share in the profits, there is a tendency for the men to over-exert themselves. Well, in the Thomson Huddersfield Mills there is no piecework, no overtime, only the weekly wage; no driving is allowed. The hours of labour are limited to forty-eight per week. The workers are given a whole week's holiday in August, and in addition they enjoy the benefits of a non-contributory sick and accident fund, and of a 24s. per week pension fund. In these mills cloth is made from wool and wool only, not an ounce of shoddy. Here again the surplus profits, after the fixed reward of capital, viz. interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum has been paid, are divided between labour and custom; and here again the capital sunk in the mills has been written down from £8655 to £1680. Unprofitable machinery is scrap-heaped. The mill has only the

best, most up-to-date machinery, and all connected with the works, shareholders and workers, live together like a happy family. If I had time I could give similar happy illustrations from the experience of Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., Messrs. J. T. & J. Taylor, Messrs. Clarke, Nickolls, Coombs, and others.

As an illustration of a co-partnership business which divided its surplus profits between wages, interest, and custom, I might point to the gas companies which are being administered on the Livesey principle, which is now so well known. Since co-partnership principles were applied to the South Metropolitan Gas Works in 1890 over £500,000 have been paid as their share of the profits, to the credit of the workers, who also own over £400,000 of the Company stock. The fact that over £50,000,000 of capital is invested in gas companies, administered on co-partnership principles, which divide surplus profits between consumers, shareholders, and wage-earners, encourages us to hope that we may look forward with confidence to the adoption of co-partnership principles by other industries.

As an illustration of a co-partnership industry which divides its surplus profits between labour and capital alone, let me refer to the Walsall Padlock Society, one of the 114 Workmen's Productive Societies which may be regarded as so many different schools of co-partnership under exclusive Trade Unionist management. I have referred to £50,000,000 of employees' capital invested in the gas industry alone on co-partnership principles. I regard it as a fact of no small importance that there are to-day 114 productive co-partnership societies representing over £2,000,000 of Trade Unionist capital, with an

aggregate trade of four millions and a half, paying a bonus on Trade Union rate of wages of over £200,000 per annum.

He concluded the speech from which these illustrations are taken in a characteristic manner. "May I now quote," he said, "a striking saying of Carlyle's, which appears to me to bear in a suggestive manner upon the present position. He once drew a distinction between the respective attitudes of the North and South of the United States towards the black population in the following way:

The South said to the black, You are slaves, God bless you!

The North said to the black, You are free, God damn you!

We are still living in the chapter of human history of which the title is—You are free, God damn you; but I rejoice to believe we are very near the last page, and that we are about to embark on a new chapter which will be entitled: You are free, God bless you! Yes, to establish industrial conditions on a basis which will enable us to enrol on the banner of our age the inspiring motto:

You are free, God bless you!

is the work of the present generation."

Lord Grey was not blind to certain dangerous tendencies in the co-operative movement, nor did he lack the courage to warn working men against these dangers. In his Presidential Address at the Crystal Palace in 1898 he exhorted the National Co-operative Festival not to lose its soul in the mire of materialism :

> The present weakness of the Wholesale Co-operative Movement is that it has degenerated too much into a hunt after dividends. As practised by your English Wholesale Society, co-operation lacks the qualities which are necessary to stir the soul. I know it for a fact that you are alienating the sympathy of many who would otherwise be your well-wishers, because it is alleged against you, and it cannot be sufficiently denied, that you have abandoned the faith of the founders of the movement, and are organising co-operation on the basis of selfishness. The experience of ages shows, that to stir human nature to altruistic effort, a cause is required which appeals to man's nobler feelings, and calls for sacrifice. The missionary, the reformer, the trade unionist, all supply instances of the subordination of selfish interests to those of a higher cause. I look in vain, in the Distributive movement, for an equally inspiring cause, which will lift men out of the narrow groove of selfishness, and impel them to labour for the common good ; and yet the gospel of co-operation, as preached by the founders of the movement, was a religion which appealed to the highest feelings of human nature, and caused men cheerfully to submit

to heavy losses, and frequent disappointments, in the certain faith that eventually their principles would triumph. I cannot state my conviction in too positive terms, that if co-operation is to become a living force, in moving the character of the nation along an upward plane, it must return to the spirit of its founders, and show that it has a soul above mere shop-keeping.[1]

He was always urging the workers to desire and to create for themselves better conditions. It is impossible to give in this place all the movements he supported which had this end for their propaganda. He was deeply interested in the question of housing reform, believed in the future of Public Utility Companies, and spoke to me of his son's work in these directions with evident pride. Mr. Henry Vivian tells me that no man ever gave him more encouragement in his work for housing reform and co-operation. He was the first man who started that movement which eventually secured band music in the public parks. He led the way in Northumberland with the University Extension Scheme. He cut the first

[1] It was estimated by Professor Marshall years ago that £500,000,000 are spent annually in this country "in ways that do little or nothing to make life nobler or truly happier."

sod of the Garden City at Letchworth.[1] He was one of the very first to introduce the idea of a reformed public-house, which led to the Public House Trust, a society whose good work has been extended to most counties in England. He wanted railway embankments to be beautiful and cultivated. He helped in the movement to provide schools with gardens. He encouraged every movement which had for its end not merely the greater comfort of the working classes, but their greater refinement and wider enjoyment. The North-Eastern Railway, of which he was a director, led the way among railway companies, with his warm approval, in recognising the rights of the men to combine and negotiate with their

[1] On his return from Canada he went to luncheon at Marlborough House, but instead of talking about Canada could talk of scarce anything else except the Garden City at Hampstead which he had visited that morning. He told me that the King (then Prince of Wales) became so enthusiastic that he sent for his engagement book to see if it were possible to visit the suburb. The book gave no hope. "I haven't a single day for months," said the Prince. But the Princess, coming behind his chair and looking over his shoulder, said, "But, George dear, we must make time. Lord Grey has made me enthusiastic. This is really important." When that matter was settled, the ex-Governor General talked about Canada with an equal enthusiasm.

employers. In the North of England he was universally recognised as a friend of the working classes, although no man ever less flattered democracy. A touching instance of this appreciation is to be found in the following letter from a miner addressed to Lord Grey's secretary after his death :

On the principle that the poorest peasant may lament the death of a king, I, as a humble miner, may be excused for expressing my regret and heartfelt sorrow at the death of the Rt. Hon. Earl Grey. I had the good fortune to become acquainted with him between thirty-five and forty years ago, and we have had occasional correspondence ever since. He used to call me " his friend," and I was proud of it.

All those who helped a little in the promotion of the " University Extension Scheme " in the 'eighties of last century were proud of having Mr. Albert Grey as a leader ; and when he became an Earl we found that his rank " was but the guinea stamp—the man was the gold for all that." It made no difference in him in his treatment of his inferiors, but he was still the same affable, pleasant, and homely friend to everybody, no matter what their station in life or their worldly surroundings.

There is one consolation however for those of us who are still left here ; and that is that there is one more friend for us to meet in the Great Hereafter when our time comes.

Dr. W. H. Hadow, the head of the Armstrong

College in Newcastle, told me that he considered no one in Northumberland and Durham was so loved and respected by the working classes as Lord Grey. He was recognised not only as a fearless and upright politician, but as a man who entered with all the living sympathies of his human nature into the difficulties and hardships of Labour. He was never mistaken for a patrician patron of the grimy millions.

Mr. Alexander Fisher, the sculptor, who made at his inspiration a bronze relief representing the triumph of Love in the evolution of Labour, tells me that when Lord Grey visited his studio to see this work, pointing to the depressed millions slowly emerging from slavery at the base of the sculpture, he said: "But you have got them all with their heads down. One of them at least must be looking up. There must always have been in the world of Labour one man who hoped."

He adjured me with some little force to try to bring home to the minds of indifferent people what it must mean for a man to have no hope in his heart, no prospect before his eyes, no vision in his soul. "But this," he said, "is the actual condition of millions." To give Labour hope, a real and cheerful hope, to make it feel that the

future of this great nation is in its hands, to make it know that by its own industry and its own unself-shness it can better the conditions of life for everybody—building new and beautiful cities, shortening the hours of toil, enlarging the opportunities of leisure and enjoyment, sweetening domestic life, and at all points increasing wisdom—this he declared to be the duty of every Englishman who truly loves his country. He begged me to do all in my power to bring home to the minds of men that only by getting Capital and Labour out of their separate and hostile camps, only by associating them together as a unity wholly subject to moral considerations, only by supplanting all the mischievous influences of distrust by a feeling of frankest and most generous confidence, could we hope to save ourselves from endless dislocating trouble, and perhaps irremediable disaster. He urged upon me to make men realise that it is a moral obligation, a part of their religion and a part of their patriotism, to secure the peace of industry.

"England," he said, "should be proud to lead the world's march of progress. As the centre of a vast Empire it is her duty to lead the van of civilisation. She must always be ahead of other

nations. She is the most beautiful country in the world, she is the heart of the mightiest Empire in the world—an Empire founded by children who fed at her breast. To her more than to any other country, it seems to me that the fortunes of God are committed. Therefore it is her bounden duty to live for the highest causes of humanity. If you ask me how she is to achieve her destiny, I can only repeat the words of Mazzini: it is by education and association. With the watchword of Duty in her heart, the greatest word in our English language, she should set herself to break down all artificial barriers in the national life, set herself to spread the blessings of true education among the people, and set herself, with a new conception of trade, to establish a complete unity between Capital and Labour. This complete unity should be inspired by the welfare of the whole community. Every politician who inflames differences of opinion and sunders the various classes, is a danger to our country. England's business is to draw all her children together and with one impulse to work for the good of humanity. She can only hold her great but hazardous place in the world by unity. She must be of one heart and one soul."

VII
The Manner of the Message

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!
CRASHAW.

So ends the last message of a very gracious and gallant Englishman, a Paladin of that Empire whose standard, he claimed, is righteousness and whose path is duty, a true servant of all that makes for peace, unity, and concord. "No more beautiful or lovable character has adorned our generation."

I would that I could bring before the reader's mind the figure of the man as he rested against his piled pillows and spoke to me of his hopes for humanity. He seemed like an English Don Quixote borne wounded from the battlefield with all his dreams glorified by his mortal hurt. There was something knightly and glad in the proud carriage of the head: something of discipline and confidence in his manner: something royal in his spirit. Death had no fear for him; it was the last of his rainbows. His thoughts were still

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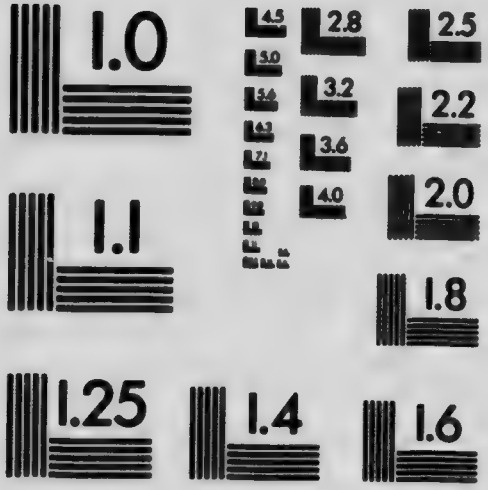

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of the battle, still of the coming victory. He was going to what God might will, but his last thoughts were with men fighting for truth and justice.

He was worn almost to skin and bone, so that the handsomeness of his face had become singularly fine and beautiful. The large and brilliant eyes, which only now and then were clouded by sudden pain, shone with the old vigorous alertness, and at times would fill with smiles from the radiance of his unconquerable mind. The friendly and cheerful voice, with its distinguished enunciation, still kept its vibrant note of self-confidence, and would now ring richly with energy, and now sink to a tone of almost caressing tenderness. His fine hands were seldom still: sometimes they would remain folded in front of him, sometimes they would move slowly up and down his breast; but for the most part, especially when he was speaking with vigour, the right hand would first firmly grasp the wrist of the left and then go slowly but strongly up and down the shrunken forearm, as though feeling for its vanished strength.

He was never at any moment pathetic. His manner was always the most natural and matter-of-fact. He would often laugh in gentle wise.

He would often ask questions about the politics or the gossip of the day. He never once betrayed the smallest concern for his predicament. In nothing that he said was there the least tincture of unction.

It was charming to see how this almost military manner changed when his wife entered the room to give him medicine. His eyes would light at her coming, he would follow her movements across the room, and taking the little glass from her hand and returning it to her, he would each time incline his head, looking at her affectionately, and expressing courteous thanks with a term of endearment. Then, when his eyes had followed her across the room till she had passed behind the screen, he would turn to me and in the tone of the club renew our conversation. "Where did we get to? Ah, I remember; yes, I was telling you about Rhodes."

His first greeting of me was characteristic of everything else: "How good of you to come and see me!" he exclaimed; and then, when he had made me sit down at his bedside, "It's long since we met; a tremendous time; what? How many years? And now, here I lie: done for, eh?—a doomed man. Well, it's a nuisance,

because I wanted to devote ten good years to my dreams—all of which are coming true. They really are—nearly all of them: coming true. I counted on ten more years. But I don't complain. I've had the most delightful life. I've enjoyed myself enormously. People have been so charming to me. No man could have had a better time. And now tell me about yourself. How are you? —what are you doing just now?"

When his surgeon broke the news to him that there was no hope of his recovery, he said with firmness, "Well, if that's so I don't care how soon I go. I have had a splendid innings and a great deal of luck." The surgeon replied that many people would take a different view of his life. "Nobody knows but oneself," he made answer, "how many catches have been missed."

He inquired of a nurse who attended him after his operation what was her name. She told him it was Rainbow. "Ah," he said, smiling, "I have been a rainbow-chaser all my life."

He was pleased that I remembered a Canadian story told to me in Quebec eight or nine years ago. "Fancy your remembering that, all these years: how delightful of you—how delightful!" This was the story. On a ride in strange country

he managed to get lost, and coming at last in sight of a forlorn cottage he sent one of his staff to inquire if they could have tea there. When he arrived before the door of this shack he found an old Scots body standing there, who had been told that he was the Governor-General. She came to his side, raised an old withered hand, and began gently stroking his thigh, looking up at him awesomely as he sat on his horse. "There, there," she muttered, "I could easier talk to the Lord Jesus Christ than I can talk to you." "Of course you could," said Lord Grey, bending down to her; "you talk to Him every morning, and every evening: this is the first time you have talked to me." I know of no story concerning him which so simply expresses the beauty of his spirit.

Although he never spoke to me in any rhetorical fashion, and was always conversational and very seldom emphatic, and although he was on occasion playfully, even mischievously minded, as when, telling me the remark already related of the Conservative about Mr. Asquith and Home Rule ("We've got the old devil on his back, etc."), he said, with a quite boyish smile: "Put that in; oh, do, it will be such fun," in spite of this, I was

conscious throughout these conversations of a profound earnestness and of an almost yearning desire to render one last service to his countrymen. Like most Englishmen he was spiritually shy, and only now and then allowed me to see what was moving him—and moving him very deeply. Those moments were unforgettable. I seemed for a second to see his soul straining to know if I had apprehended the uttermost truth of his spirit which he shrank from uttering. He said to me once: "You know the idea of those words—he being dead, yet speaketh? A voice from the grave often gets a hearing. That's what I'm after. I want you to try to make my voice sound from the grave. I want to say to people that there is a real way out of all this mess materialism has got them into. I've been trying to tell them for thirty years. It's Christ's way. Mazzini saw it. We've got to give up quarrelling. We've got to come together. We've got to realise that we're all members of the same family. There's nothing that can help humanity, I'm perfectly sure there isn't—*perfectly sure*—except love. Love is the way out, and the way up. That's my farewell to the world."

Almost his last words to me, bidding good-bye,

were these: "We shan't meet again. I'm getting weaker and weaker every day," and then looking at me earnestly, he said with emphasis, "*thank God for it, thank God for it!*" He was glad to go.

On a tall chest at a little distance from his bed, with bright flowers near it, was a silver cross decorated with brilliant rose and flame-coloured enamel, in which Christ, with outstretched arms above the world, is represented as revealing the glory of love to those on earth who have but to raise their heads to behold it. He explained to me its symbolism, and told me that he often looked at it.

THE END

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